JOHN BULL, MARCH 1, 1924. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. 1d.; Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXV. No. 895. SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1924. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

£1000 and 6,324 'BULLETS' PRIZES

THOSE WICKED DOCKERS!

BY

ERNEST BEVIN

TAKE

Beecham's Pills

And Look Pleasant

PRESENTATION COUPON.

"John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2. Please send me the Silver Gift Set, containing the "John Bull" Standard Model Pen and 1/6 Propelling Pencil FREE. I enclose Cheque/P.O. for 3/3, which includes 3d. postage and insurance. (Pocket Clip 3d. extra.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Cross Cheques, P.O., "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if broad, medium or fine nib required. (Strike out grades not wanted.) J.B., 1.3.24.

Another "JOHN BULL" Sensation!

The Silver Gift Set

in the lovely Silver Box,

containing an

Automatic Propelling Pencil,

FREE!

Only a limited number left.

Picture the most dazzling and artistic pen box you ever saw; place in it a beautifully finished Pen equal to those selling at 10/6 fitted with 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped. Alongside the pen place a propelling Pencil elegantly coloured, complete with refills, presented absolutely FREE, and then—the biggest surprise of all—consider the special and amazing offer for 3/- only! This is some idea of the wonderful bargain "John Bull" offers its readers. Sign the coupon to-day.

3/- ONLY.

INSTANTLY KILLS PAIN.

Everyone suffering pain should try the quickest, surest, and safest way of obtaining immediate ease. This is the VIK-WIK way. No matter how the pain is caused, whether by Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Synovitis, Cramp, Sprains, Bruises, Chilblains, Burns, or by any kind of muscular strain, VIK-WIK is the finest pain-killing curative liniment known. VIK-WIK has instant and lasting effect. VIK-WIK is different, and better than anything else. It succeeds where everything else has failed. Why not try it?

VIK-WIK is a non-greasy liquid balm; it is pain-killing, healing, curative, and antiseptic; nothing else known has the same power of relieving pain and reducing swelling. When applied it at once produces a delightful and lasting sensation of ease and coolness. VIK-WIK will not irritate or burn the most sensitive skin. Therefore, if you suffer from any kind of pain, go to your Chemist and get a bottle to try.

INFLUENZA

Vik-wik is a necessity in all cases of Influenza. It gives instant relief to the aching limbs and joints and the throbbing burning head of the sufferer.

PRICE 1/3 PER BOTTLE

or Family size 3s., from Boots' (600 branches), Timothy White Co., Taylor's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Harrod's and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the Vik-wik Co., Desk 4, 27, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

VIKWIK LINIMENT

INSTANTLY KILLS PAIN OF

RHEUMATISM	CHILBLAINS	LUMBAGO
NEURITIS	SPRAINS	GOUT
SCIATICA	NERVE PAINS	BRUISES
SORE THROAT	CRAMP	STIFF NECK
NEURALGIA	STRAINS	BACKACHE

Psoriasis Eczema, Bad Leg and all skin diseases completely and permanently cured by KUREM HOME TREAT.

MENU, famous over 30 years. Entirely herbal, inexpensive, yet cures when doctors and hospitals fail. Send post-card for free book, which tells you how to begin your own certain cure at home. J. Robinson & Sons, 11, Kurem House, Bradford.

BARGAIN SALE

Unrivalled in excellence & value. Contains: 1pr. All-Wool Blankets 1pr. White Fleecy Blankets; 1 pair Unbleached Twill Sheets; 2 White Pillow Cases; 1 White Bolster Case; 1 Alhambra Quilt; 1 Lovely Wadded Quilt. All warranted full double bed size. £4:10:0

Delivered to approved orders for 10/- with order, balance 10/- monthly. Money back if at all disappointed. Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT

6 readers who are glad that they registered

"KINDLY CONSIDERATION AND PROMPTITUDE."

"I acknowledge cheque in respect of Fire Benefit under your valuable Insurance Scheme. Please accept my thanks for your kindly consideration and promptitude."—ELLEN SIMPSON, 62, Compton Street, Holmewood, Nr. Chesterfield.

"GENUINE FREE INSURANCE."

"My husband and I thank you very much for your great Gift. We are both very pleased to recommend your paper as a genuine one for the Free Insurance Gift."—Mrs. CRAWLEY, 67, Stovin Road, Darnall, Sheffield.

"GENTLEMANLY AND STRAIGHTFORWARD."

"I received cheque, value £12, and wish to express my appreciation of the gentlemanly, straightforward and honest manner in which you have dealt with my case."—HARRY MARSHALL, 7a, Victoria Road, Lockwood, Huddersfield.

"NO TROUBLE TO GET."

"Thank you for your cheque. I must say there is no trouble to get your Free Insurance Gift, as you are so straightforward."—Mrs. F. A. SELVEY, Sneyd Lane, Bloxwich.

"A BOON."

"Thanks for cheque in respect of my Sickness claim. I can now appreciate what a boon it is to be insured with JOHN BULL."—V. PUTTOCK, 64, Victoria Dwellings, Battersea Park Road, S.W.1.

"THANKS FOR YOUR GENEROSITY."

"On behalf of my wife I wish to thank you for cheque received, value £12. Please accept our thanks for your generosity. The cheque arrived just at the right time."—F. MOWER, 44, Mellond, Thetford, Norfolk.

We could quote from a thousand more letters written in a similar strain if we had the space. Isn't Free Insurance of this kind well worth having? Isn't it worth two minutes of your time to sign the forms below NOW?

A few of the BENEFITS PAID this week:

Fire
Up to £400

LONDON.—Mrs. A. F. HINDS, 6, Birkbeck Road, West Dulwich.
NORWICH.—J. W. FRYER, Bridge Terrace, Hempnall.
ROTHERHAM.—J. KELLY, 5, Far Place, East Dene.
FIFE.—Mrs. F. INGLIS, 43, Hope Street, Inverkeithing.
BRISTOL.—Mr. J. JENKINS, 4, Tabernacle Road, Hanham.
LONDON.—C. MUDGE, 4, Married Quarters, Thames Police Station, Cold Harbour, Blackwall.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. McGOMPSON, 302, Conyers Road, Byker.
LONDON, S.E.—A. HOWLETT, 10, Somerden Road, Peckham Rye.
ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. C. SAWYER, 14, Henry Street.
CHESHIRE.—L. HOPWOOD, Station Road, Alsager.
LONDON, E.3.—Mrs. J. H. WOODLEY, 94, Wellington Road, Bow.
BIRMINGHAM.—C. TWISS, 72, Moriden Street.
GLAMORGAN.—Mrs. L. BOSWELL, 7, Shoemaker's Row, Maesteg.
RHONDDA.—S. TANNER, 4, James Terrace, Ynysybwl.
EDINBURGH.—JOHN MCLEOD, 5, Albert Street.
HUDDERSFIELD.—H. CALVERT, 8, Boare Road, Woldgreen.
LEICESTER.—C. H. WOOD, 142, Dunton Street.
CLACKMANNANSHIRE.—Mrs. J. MITCHELL, 51, Broad Street, Alloa.

Storm
Up to £300

DORSET.—Mrs. R. J. STONE, 70, Chiswell, Portland.
DORSET.—Mrs. COTTERELL-WAITE, 9, Beach Cottages, Portland.
DORSET.—E. RIDEOUT, 15, Church, Portland.
DORSET.—Mrs. ISABELLA HUNT, 131a, Chiswell, Portland.
NEWPORT.—Mrs. A. WARREN, 29, Elm Street, Town.
DUMFRIES.—W. P. HASTIE, 26, Whitesands.
GLASTONBURY.—Mr. MANCHESTER.—J. Massey, 64, Worcester Road.
MONMOUTH.—J. JAMES, Halfway House, Cwmavon Road.
MONMOUTH.—J. ROSSER, 19, Prince Town, Tredegar.
GLAMORGAN.—T. VAUGHAN, 3, Pentre Road, Mardy.
DUBLIN.—S. CROWTHER, 14, Canal Harbour, James Street.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. J. HARRISON, 78, Gloucester Street, Kinning Park.

Accident Benefits
£3 per week

HULL.—Mrs. S. HOUGHTON, 4, Haworth Street, Newland.
NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mrs. E. A. HALL, 45, Front Street, Prudhoe-on-Tyne.
MANCHESTER.—J. R. CARTER, 15, Garrett Street, Oldham Road.
GLAMORGAN.—Mrs. B. HOWELL, 5, Coychurch Road, Bridgend.
FALKIRK.—Mrs. MARTIN, 145, Orchard Street, Camelon.
MIDDLESEX.—Mrs. C. A. KING, 2, Chart Cottages, Crouch Lane, Stanmore.
HULL.—Mrs. S. TULL, 18, Percy Avenue, Sculcoates.
CAMEL.—Mrs. H. ACOTT, Shirdy Camps.
LIVERPOOL.—J. RIMMER, 48, Todd Street, Everton.
TEIGNMOUTH.—R. P. COLLINGS, Willowdene, Pendrine Road, Teignmouth.
CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. M. RIVER, 24, Donkins Row, Seaham Colliery.
FIFE.—Mrs. R. BENNETT, Cluny Square, Cardenden.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. K. ELLIS, 61, Newark Street, Attercliffe.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. E. MCINTYRE, 89, Lumsden Street, Overnewton.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS—Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

"CUT HERE"

J.B. 1.3.24.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....

Address.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate certifying registration will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

"CUT HERE"

J.B. 1.3.24.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

IMPORTANT.

A special representative of "John Bull" has inspected the originals of the testimonials reproduced in this advertisement and certifies they are genuine.

Start that Mail Order Business of your own!

Make Extra Money in your Spare Time

Commence to-Day -No Delay

Send for FREE BOOKLET *"By Post to Prosperity"*

AMONG the busiest and happiest of folk nowadays are men and women who have learned how to make money by post. See in the leading national daily and weekly newspapers the rapidly growing number of Mail Order announcements. Note how these advertisers continue to advertise, proving that it pays to do so.

Hundreds of these people—in almost every pursuit of life—are to-day running sound and prosperous Mail Order Businesses. This is because the Shaw Institute has helped them to succeed, for it aims at practical results—and *GETS THEM!* The Shaw Institute will help *YOU* also.

Mail Order has immense possibilities and the expenses are so small as to make this far more profitable than any other method of doing business. One of its chief attractions is that you can build up a business which can be started at home in your spare time, or from a small office, and without giving up any present employment. To start a Mail Order business requires very little outlay. Stocks can be purchased as the orders come along, and overhead charges are practically nil. Compare such a small expense of a Mail Order business with that of a Shop or Works, which calls for considerable capital for Stock, Staff, Machinery, Rent, etc.

You Can Start To-day.

Experience is not necessary, and it makes no difference in what locality you live. Your stock-in-trade need not consist of more than a small supply of goods, kept in the spare room if you like, and a few printed letters. With but a pound or two capital, and devoting only a little of your leisure hours to the work, you can build up a big and lucrative business which undoubtedly may enable you to give up ill-paid and uncongenial employment to devote your own time to your own thriving concern in the same way as hundreds of Shaw Students are doing to-day. Student No. 1729 (whose letter appears adjoining) had had no experience whatever when he took up the Mail Order business. He wrote for a copy of the Free Booklet "By Post to Prosperity" and he is to-day running a successful Mail Order business.

Send for Free Booklet.

This wonderful Free Booklet, *By Post to Prosperity*, will show interested readers the way to start on the right lines; shows how to set about establishing a successful Mail Order business; how to sell economically and effectively; how and what people to circularise; how £5 can be made the basis of independence, etc., etc. This and further valuable information is contained in the Booklet, a free copy of which will be sent you if you use the Coupon below.

Send No Money—merely use Coupon below,

and you will receive gratis and for nothing a copy of this wonderful FREE BOOKLET *By Post to Prosperity*, which shows you how you can start a spare or whole-time Mail Order business at home. Send for it at once and investigate for yourself.

This may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to do something more than you ever thought possible. The field of Mail Order is practically unlimited, and the Shaw Institute contends, that no matter where you live, or what your position, providing you are ambitious, a scheme can be outlined to meet your special requirements.

—COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET—

To the Secretary,
The Shaw Institute (Dept. 24C), 1, Montague Street, London, W.C. 1

Please send me FREE and Post Free, your brochure "By Post to Prosperity," and other literature showing how I can start a spare or whole-time business at home, and how £5 can be made the basis of independence.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. 1.3.24.

You Commit yourself to nothing by writing—

SO WRITE TO-DAY

Read these letters

The originals may be seen at the Offices of the Shaw Institute, 1, Montague Street, London, W.C. 1.

STUDENT No. D. 160.—*I should like to take this opportunity of thanking you for the very helpful advice and information contained in your Mail Order Course. As you are aware, I was not a novice in business matters when I enrolled, but I have been very pleasantly surprised to discover the immense wealth of information and new ideas which you embody in the course. To an inexperienced person, your lessons—by reason of the clarity of their explanation—cannot be difficult to digest, and in the case of hardened business men I can say, in all truth, that they would be the richer, intellectually, if they would peruse your course. Your strong point seems to be that you cater for every class and grade—which is no doubt the secret of your success. As I am not in the habit of writing testimonials, please accept this as an expression of grateful satisfaction.*

STUDENT No. J.B. 2030.—*I must just let you know that since becoming one of your students my income has been constantly increased, and upon an outlay of a few pounds I have realised a net profit of 200 per cent. I trust my good fortune will continue, and I can assure you I shall ever feel grateful to you for your profitable help.*

STUDENT No. 1729.—*It is now exactly five months since I commenced your Mail order Course and I thought you might be interested to hear of my progress. I commenced trading immediately on completion of the third lesson, and have never looked back, in fact I now occupy my own office, a fact of which I think I can feel justly proud in so short a period. My present position is solely due to your excellent course of instruction and to the splendid profits obtainable. If only more people realised the enormous possibilities of Mail Order Trading there would be thousands enjoying a much more comfortable and less money-harassed life. I consider it my best speculation. Thanking you for all your course has done for me and for your ever ready help when I have been in doubt.*

STUDENT No. H. 139.—*The whole course is splendid and not one moment have I felt that it was not what you claim it to be, full of interest, and it makes one think of things which before never entered my head. It opens up hundreds of possible ways of making money.*

STUDENT No. B. 72—*I have made a start and have done so well that I have nearly paid for my course out of profits as a result of one week's work.*

OFFICERS TRENCH COAT 38/- POST FREE

Never before offered under 49/- Well made and finished from reliable, good quality materials, this is a coat that will keep out cold, wind and rain and last for years. Your money will be refunded if you are not perfectly satisfied with your bargain. Please lining is included. All sizes. In Navy Wool Gaberdine A very stylish coat, 48/-

Please send cash with your order.

DIRECT COAT CO. (Dept. J.B.) 13, Whitechapel, LIVERPOOL.

2/6 Weekly

CASH £5 15s.

CASH

LAST WEEKS FOR Half-a-Crown YOU CAN BE WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS By Winning the First Prize of £5,000 IN THE Blind Ballot

In aid of the National Institute for the Blind

(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920)

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE

Think of it! Five Thousand Pounds for five sixpences; and there are other wonderful prizes. £2,000, £1,000, and heaps more amounting to

£10,000 in Prizes.

Take as many tickets as you can afford, as the happiness of large numbers of Blind people depends upon the success of this Competition, and in doing this for the Blind you may bring yourself wealth beyond your wildest dreams.

Tickets can be obtained from **12, Oxford Street, Manchester:** and from **The Hon. Treasurer, BLIND BALLOT, PALACE CHAMBERS, BRIDGE ST., WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1.**

Please send me..... 2/6 Ticket(s).

I enclose { P.O. / Cheque } va'ue ..... and stamped addressed envelope

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Please write distinctly and in ink.) J.B.10.

Dr. Burchardi the Lifegiver

(1)

In previous issues of JOHN BULL Mr. A. G. Hales ("Smiler" Hales), the well-known author, has voluntarily borne testimony to the wonderful success of the "rejuvenating process" which he underwent some months ago at the hands of Dr. Burchardi. Mr. Hales is 60 years old by the calendar, but the Burchardi treatment has given him back at least 20 years of life, and he is now in mind and body a vigorous, active man in the very prime of life.

Says Mr. Hales: "The Burchardi operation has done more than I ever hoped—and I hoped much."

Striking and convincing testimony to the success of Dr. Burchardi's Special Treatment for women has come to hand in the following letter from a reader of JOHN BULL.

London, S.W.9.
Feb. 5th, 1924.

The Editor,
"John Bull."

DEAR SIR,

I feel I must write to thank you for being the indirect means of restoring me to perfect health after a nervous breakdown. Your article in JOHN BULL of December 22nd, 1923—"Making people young by Science"—contained a paragraph saying how Mr. Hales, the War Correspondent, had been cured of nervous breakdown. This so impressed me that I wrote to Dr. Burchardi regarding his treatment, and at a subsequent interview he convinced me that my case would respond to his methods. I must say that I felt an improvement after my first visit and now, after a few weeks, my nerves are so much better that it is a positive pleasure to be alive.

My attack started about fourteen months ago. I went to my own Doctor, who gave me tonics which proved ineffectual. Then I went to other Doctors, always with the same result. Most of them told me that it was only an effort of will power that would overcome my nerves, but how can anyone whose nerves are exhausted exercise will power?

For more than a year it was an effort to do anything—everything worried me. I used to eat to live, but seldom had an appetite. I did not want to go out and was losing touch with all my friends. Now everything I do is just a pleasure. It is wonderful after having suffered for so long to feel so happy and to be able to take an interest in life. It is rather difficult to describe, but it seems as though a black cloud that encompassed me had been lifted. During my search for relief, I came into contact with many sufferers like myself, and I hope that some of them may have read your article and will benefit from it as much as I have done; because I feel that if I had not read it and taken the advice and gone to Dr. Burchardi that I should still be in the "Slough of Despond" from which he has enabled me to escape.

Yours truly, (Mrs.) A. N. . . .

In a subsequent communication this lady writes: "I have no objection to your publishing my letter, as perhaps it may benefit other sufferers, but should prefer it published over a nom-de-plume. Of course you could show the original to anyone who doubted its genuineness."

The original is open for inspection at the offices of JOHN BULL. We understand that full particulars of the Burchardi Treatment both for men and for women can be obtained either personally or through the post. Dr. Burchardi's address is 27, New Cavendish Street, London, W.

When Baby Needs NESTLÉ'S MILO FOOD

When baby has grown so as to need something more than Nestlé's Milk alone to nourish the vigorous little body, then is the time to try Nestlé's Milo Food.

Milo has been used with the greatest success for half-a-century as a "follow on" to Nestlé's Milk, or to supplement an all milk diet, where rusks and other unsuitable foods would prove too much for the delicate little digestion.

NESTLÉ'S MILO FOOD

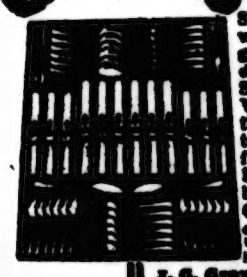
For Children, Invalids and Nursing Mothers. Of all Chemists and Stores. In 1/- and 2/- tins.

If unobtainable locally, write direct to us, giving the name and address of your chemist or store. Send only the value of tin required. We will pay cost of delivery, or a Free Sample will be sent on receipt of 2d. stamp to cover postage.

NESTLÉ'S (Dept. M.S.) 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3

STAINLESS CUTLERY

GRAVES



Complete service of 48 pieces, £3:5:0 (without easel). The finest Stainless Steel Knives with ivory-grained handles, Columbian Silver Spoons and Forks. Wear white all through. Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, balance 5/- monthly. Money back if disappointed. CATALOGUE of Sheffield Cutlery, and Plate, Stainless Substitutes, &c. Post Free.

5/- NOW

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

By Appointment to H.M. Queen Alexandra.

The nicest thing in tins!

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

A Fiver for a Postcard

THE first prize of £5 in our new series of Advertisement Competitions is awarded to Nelson Fitt, 88, Watson Road, Alum Rock, Birmingham, for:—

[Gamages] "whose everchanging illustrative priced advertisements interest and instruct as to latest values."

The second prize of £1 goes to W. Branch, New Road, West Bergholt, Essex, for:—

[Barker's] "Constant bargains, daily advertisements daily disappear, weekly paper always handy for reference."

In addition, 50 attractive consolation prizes have been forwarded to other competitors.

What advertisements that do not appear in this issue of JOHN BULL are you interested in? What advertisements, not already appearing, would you like to see in JOHN BULL?

For the best answers to these questions, giving your reasons in not more than 12 words, we offer prizes of £5, £1 and 50 consolation prizes.

Be specific. Mention a definite firm by name. Do not state vaguely that you would like to see advertisements about books, for instance. Tell us definitely which publisher's lists you would like to see.

Address your postcards to "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to reach here not later than the first post Wednesday, March 5.

ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one month from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners

(Continued from page 31)

Bodale, Yorks; E. A. Jeffray, 165, St Andrew's Rd., Glasgow; A. Jenkins, "Woodside," Bream, Glos; C. D. Johnson, 14, Victoria Rd., Retford, Notts; W. Johnson, 69, Vere Rd., Brighton; J. Kane, 174, Ravenhill Rd., Belfast; J. B. Kidder, 59, Independent St., Radford, Notts; A. Knowlson, 7, George St., Motherwell; Mrs. J. A. Lambert, 78, Walkley St., Sheffield; H. H. Lambert, 62, Chudleigh Rd., Erdington, B'ham; J. Lees, 20, Wellington St., Gainsborough; Miss M. Lockley, 4, Bruce St., Seacombe, Ches.; M. Lyons, 9, Moorlands Rd., Camberley; J. A. Macdonald, 7, Argyll St., Oban; P. McAlpine, 21, Sir Michael St., Greenock; A. J. Marsh, White Horse, Kedington, Haverhill; S. Melden, 184, Market St., Tottington, Bury; T. E. Moores, 51, Penny Lane, Sefton Park, L'pool; C. Musgrave, 11, Ozones Lane, Berwick-on-Tweed; Mrs. J. P. O'Connor, 13, Gordon Rd., Exeter; F. Panter, 12, Roshton Rd., Desborough; R. Partridge, 14, Beach Lawn, Waterloo, Lancs.; C. Patterson, Homeview Cottage, Rathgael, Bangor, Co. Down; T. Pennels, Alton Parva, Richeldean, Salisbury; Mrs. F. Petty, 94, Market St., Poole; E. Pickett, Guston, Nr. Dover; R. Pidgeon, 53, Chesterton Terr., Plaistow, E.; W. Poole, 13, Purser Rd., Northampton; Miss A. Priestley, 67, Holroyd Hill, Wibsey, Bradford; C. E. Pring, Endwell Mews, Bexhill; W. R. Rayner, The Laurels, Busted, Sussex; T. Read, Brockley Whins Station, Durham; E. Reading, 28, Florence Rd., Boscombe; W. T. Reeves, 136, Turf Lane, Chadderton, Oldham; W. Ridge, Wrentnall, Pulverbatch, Salop; C. Roberts, 3, Lime Terr., North St., Lewes; G. J. Roberts, Blue Gardens, Bowdidge, Dolgelly; T. Roberts, 117, Tankar St., E. Greenwich; J. Robinson, 41, Apsley St., Partick W., Glasgow; P. Rockley, 1A, Cedar Rd., Nottingham; W. C. Rose, 86, New Row, Tranent, East Lothian; T. A. Seaman, 192, Mill Rd., Cambridge; V. Shorten, 11, King St., Devonport; W. J. Sisterson, 26, Hall Gate, Hexham; A. T. Smith, 29, Henley St., Oxford; S. H. Smith, 42A, Church Rd., Maxton, Dover; B. R. Stephen, 818, Argyle St., Glasgow; H. Summers, 10, Ulverstone Terr., Walker Gate, Newcastle; D. Taylor, 3, Railway Row, Bagworth, Leicester; Mrs. V. Taylor, 279, Mt. Pleasant Rd., Tottenham; J. Taylor, Rowden Lane, Marple, Nr. Stockport; E. Thomas, 8, Fairview Villas, Barnby Dun, Doncaster; Mrs. Tootell, 855, Manchester Rd., Castleton, Mc.; Mrs. M. Torn, Saxilby, Nr. Lincoln; E. S. Torr, 26, Cromwell St., Gloucester; F. A. Townsend, 8a, Waston Mews, Queen's Gate Place, London, S.W.; J. Tyler, 39, Chapel St., Ilkeston, Derbyshire; A. E. Wakefield, 35 Mess, R.N. Barracks, Devonport; Mrs. F. Wallis, Park View, Albert Terr., Acomb, York; J. S. Walton, 154, Park Rd., Newcastle; J. Warren, 152, St. Olafs Road, Fulham; F. J. Watterson, 23, Spear Rd., Southampton; Miss A. Widnell, Orrest Bank, Montpellier, Weston-super-Mare; A. Wilcock, 262, Leeds Rd., Nelson, Lancs.; W. C. Wood, 10, Wolsey Rd., Blackpool.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

£5/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 98, High Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

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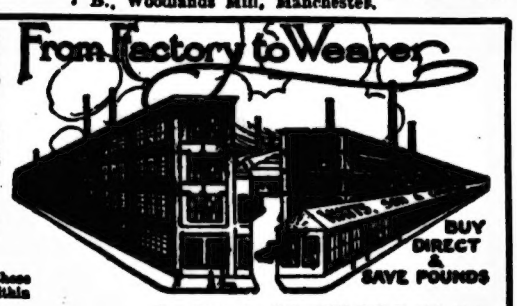

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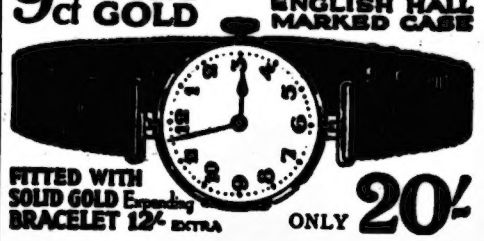

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FITS.—Epilepsy banished at last. No case too severe or too old. Prescription, proof free all suffers.—Whitby & Co., Windsor [illegible].

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INFLUENZA. — Preventative and Cure. "Ochilview" Special Old Scotch Whisky. 12/6 per Bottle; 6/6 per half Bottle. Direct from Scotland.—James Bennet, Stonehousemuir, Larbert.

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DON'T waste hours and hours mending tears with stitches. Use "Mend-a-Tear," which is wonderfully quicker and much neater. Send 1½d. stamp for free sample and get more time for enjoyment.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

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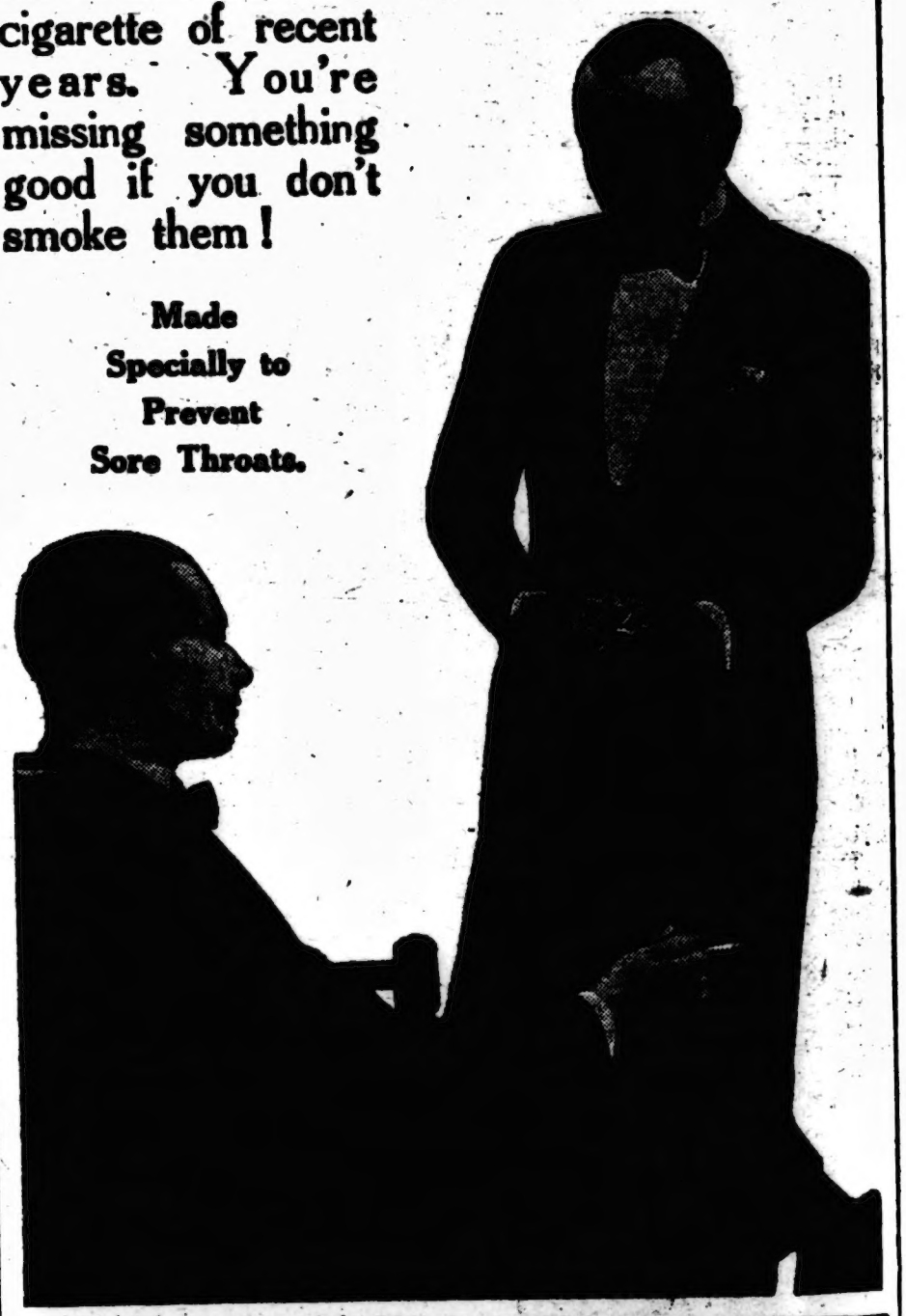

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50 Years Reputation

Vol. XXXV. No. 910.
Week ending Saturday,
March 1, 1924. Twopence

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
Telephone: Gerrard 9866.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Tranquillity.

The new Government is rapidly alienating sympathy by its refusal to take its stand on principles and fight for them.

Non-starters.

The ease with which some members of the Front Bench have forgotten their pledges has startled even the cynical Left Wingers. Once more we are watching a political game instead of the promised crusade.

Coming Events.

Before long Mr. MacDonald will find the double burden too much. Mr. E. D. Morel is the obvious man for Foreign Secretary. Few men in the Labour Party have a firmer grasp of foreign affairs.

Foolish Fears.

That he is not already in office is mainly due to the refusal of the Government to face the yapping of the thoughtless Press that would have ensued on his appointment. That is why Mr. Ponsonby is tipped for the job.

Breakers Ahead.

The revolt against such an attitude will inevitably come. As we long ago prophesied, the Premier is finding it more and more difficult to satisfy the advanced section of his own Party.

The "Ginger" Group.

Opposed from the first to Labour taking office as a minority Government, the Scottish members are merely waiting their opportunity to make their disapproval vocal. They are determined the Government must get on or get out.

The Coming Crash.

That it will eventually mean a disruption of the Labour Party cannot be doubted. Nor would a drastic stock-taking do any harm to such a mixture of conflicting interests and policies.

Not the Same Thing.

The cross-currents of Socialism and Trade Unionism are in continual opposition. Sooner or later they must clash. Not until that issue is decided will there emerge an effectively political Labour Party.

Sticking to Party.

We are at a loss to understand why the Government has refused to consider making the Referendum part of our Constitution. It is precisely the absence of such machinery that led to the present political muddle.

Proportional Representation.

So far no hint has been given of any forthcoming legislation for the reform of the electoral system. It should have been one of the first tasks of the new Parliament. Let it be done without delay.

Unproductive Expenditure.

Where are the promised plans for ending unemployment? Building cruisers is merely tinkering with the problem. What has happened to Labour's election promises?

Inconsistency.

In combination with the Conservatives, Labour killed the Bill for Welsh Local Option. It is a queer action for a Party that believes in self-government and has publicly avowed its belief in the principle of the Bill!

The Real Trouble.

While this amuses us, we cannot overlook the fact that Parliament prefers to waste its time on such trivialities instead of tackling the real evils. There are plenty of them.

Remove the Cause.

The law might compel good beer to be sold, and forbid the manufacture of cheap poisons. It might encourage the importation of wholesome light wines, and remove the ridiculous anomalies of the drink hours. But Parliament cares for none of these things.

Those Houses.

Public money is being shamefully misused by granting the subsidy to houses quite outside the scope of the Act. Will someone raise the matter in Parliament and get this abuse checked?

Bureaucratic Relics.

The Prime Minister is contemplating extending passports for five years instead of two. For thirty-four years before the war the world did without passports. Sweep away this nuisance altogether.

Expensive Farce.

To collect an entertainment tax of 1s. 5½d. from a juvenile football club, the Inland Revenue Authorities spent £20 of public money. Mr. Snowden should locate the author of this idiocy—and sack him.

Be Quick!

The Government says it is going to prevent profiteering. Meanwhile prices are soaring. No one has succeeded in checking such ramps yet, and the sooner it shows us how to do it the better.

Masterly Inactivity.

We should like to know just what the Ministry of Labour did to prevent the dock strike taking place. Intervention, even after the event, was slow. At the critical period they did nothing at all.

Laggard Wits.

Why the Court of Inquiry was not held before, instead of after the strike, passes comprehension. The trouble was brewing for months; no one can plead that he was taken by surprise.

And They are Experts!

If a Labour Government, with all its experience of industrial strife, can evolve no better method of settling disputes it is indeed a hopeless outlook. If the Premier has an industrial policy, now is the time to announce it.

The Next Strike!

The country is within seven weeks of one of the most disastrous troubles in the coal-mining industry this nation has known. Is it necessary to waste six weeks before negotiations are opened?

Grounds for Hope.

Builders have given a pledge that they will not increase prices in consequence of the Government's housing scheme. We now await a pledge from the unions that they will not continue their obstructionist tactics.

A New Monopoly?

All Mr. Sidney Webb can suggest, as an answer to the oil ring, is to encourage capital to produce spirit from British coal. What's the use of fighting one ring by creating another?

Only Half the Job.

A Treasury Committee is to be appointed to enquire into taxation and the National Debt. We should like to see another appointed to advise further economies. There is still too much waste.

Shown the Door.

We are glad to note that the Prime Minister has refused to submit any question of importance to the Ambassadors' Conference. He has learned aright the lesson of Corfu.

The Scapegoat.

While Mr. Baldwin is busy with Party reconstruction, Sir Reginald Hall is "on holiday" in Morocco. We can put two and two together as well as the next man!

The Only Way.

The heavy fall of the franc is evidence of what the world thinks of M. Poincaré's proposed remedies. Debt repayment would stabilise the franc better than any system of taxation yet devised.

None so Blind——!

In spite of the terrible riots in the Palatinate, the French are resuming the policy that provoked them. The blindness to facts displayed by French politicians is becoming the eighth wonder of the world.

So Much the Better.

The position of the French Cabinet is very shaky, and M. Poincaré may go out before the elections. In any case, the next few months will see big changes in French policy.

In the Balance.

India's future will be determined within the next few months. A constitutional crisis is at hand, and if her political progress is not to come to a sudden stop all the resources of statesmanship will need to be invoked.

A1 Action.

Everyone in Turkey must now obtain a clean bill of health before marrying. We might do worse than follow suit, instead of bewailing the danger of a C3 nation.

A Travesty of Justice.

The Swadlincote magistrates imposed a fine of three guineas for fiendish cruelty to a child. We have long ago given up trying to understand the intelligence of local magistrates. But in this case it was simply non-existent.

A Legal Loophole.

The Home Secretary has absolute power to deport any alien, nor need he disclose his reasons. Such autocratic power is foreign to British tradition, and Parliament should devise some effective check.

We Want to Know.

Since the aim of the British Empire Cancer Campaign is to co-ordinate and combine all research work on cancer, why is the work of the late Dr. Abrams being boycotted? The public have a right to an explanation.

Wide Awake!

Our sympathy goes out to the Marquess of Graham and Lieut.-Commander Newcombe, who have each been fined £20 at Glasgow for the awful offence of running a prize draw to help the "Save the 'Victory' Fund." Considering the object of the sporting scheme the police might, like Nelson, have put the telescope to the blind eye, but Chadband was too much for them.

Keeping the Bed Warm!

There is a house in Southend where six people live in a room, and have to sleep by turns. There are three beds, which are occupied until midnight by men who go to work at that hour, and a family of three occupy the beds for the rest of the night. The arrangement has its advantages these cold days. But—what of the health of the nation?

Not a Ladder to the Stars.

The Thanet air is bracing we know, but when the east winds blow it is better to have a wall and a roof around and above you in the winter time. Such is the state of housing in the Isle, that a married couple who occupy rooms on a Birchington farm have to climb up a ladder. Then two single lodgers arrive, one by one, and have to pass through the couple's rooms to reach their own quarters. How we live!

Save the Child.

Our appeal for Ivy Cus de n, th expectant girl mother now in jail, has been acknowledged by the Home Secretary, who is giving the matter his personal consideration. From all over the country letters have reached us sympathising with this unhappy young woman, and a petition on her behalf has been presented to the Home Office, through the instrumentality of the newspapers which followed our lead in this matter.

A Shady Samaritan.

That a motor-car and manliness do not always go together must be impressed on the girlhood of Milngarie, Dalmuir and Dumbarton, for there is running at large in that area a road-hog who is a perfect menace to the unsuspecting. The latest victim to suffer discomfiture at the hands of this beast is Agnes Kersall, of Clydebank, to whom, after his offer of a lift along the road, he behaved in such an objectionable manner that she left the car in terror. A puncture must be put in this pest's pruriency.

The Long, Long Trail.

When Richard Southern (twenty-two), a clerk belonging to Oswestry, was charged with begging for pennies in the Marylebone Road about midnight, he stated that he had tramped all the way from Cardiff—a distance of one hundred and fifty miles—in a vain search for work. When arrested he had 2½d. in his possession, and was almost exhausted. Southern's heart is in the right place, and obviously he has courage. It's damnable that such men should go to waste.

Preston's Pride.

When John William Brown was busy on his allotment near Penworth, New Bridge, Preston, he heard screams coming from the river Ribble, where two boys, John and Thomas Banks, were being carried down on an ebbing tide. Leaping into the river fully dressed, Brown brought the two boys to the bank, and with the help of his son applied artificial respiration and then took the boys home. An allotment holder Preston should be proud of!

High Heels and Low Tricks.

Now that Herbert Buxton and Terence Scott have gone to prison, there remains at large but a single member of that gang of six blackmailers known as the "High-Heels." The darker recesses of Hyde Park, the haunts of amorous swains, were their favourite venues, but when seeking higher game many men of means fell to their wiles. An invitation to a flat, a drunken bout which stupefied the victim out of all understanding till the next morning, an apparently irate husband, and a woman weeping softly in the next room, were methods which often drew a fat sum as the price of silence. The prison warders will prove tougher game for these bright sparks.

Not Wanted.

With so many unemployed among us it will be a scandal if the projected importation of German and Swiss waiters for the British Empire Exhibition goes through. Here is a case for thinking Imperially, and a Labour Government would be doing the right thing in refusing permits.

Stage and Sin.

A problem which the Public Prosecutor should tackle without delay is the existence of Continental traps for English girls. The passport officials should be given powers to refuse passports to any girl whose prospective employer cannot produce satisfactory credentials as to his character, and signed contracts safeguarding the British girl he wants to "star" abroad.

Britons Last!

When Madame Sarah Grand rose to address a meeting at Bath on behalf of the Fund to feed starving Germans, she was confronted by a hostile audience of ex-Service men. They refused to listen, and a game of football was started with the collecting-boxes. We don't wonder at the attitude of these men. We are staggered at the attitude of people who help everybody but their own.

Wedded Fiends.

We are glad to see that the Chatham magistrates imposed the maximum penalty of six months' hard labour on Harry Hickman, sapper in the Royal Engineers, and his wife, for their fiendish cruelty to a baby they had adopted. The child was trussed with straps, its bed was a cement sack, its food a dry bone. The power to walk had almost gone from it, and it crawled on all fours like a dog. We demand more drastic laws to stamp out child torture!

The Human Machine.

WASTED POWER.

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

LAST week I stressed the necessity for concentration if work is to be accomplished without undue wear and tear.

Many people, however, fall into the error of making concentration an end in itself, instead of merely a means to an end—the smooth accomplishment of a given task.

Watch an expert and an inexpert worker attempting the same job. The former concentrates on his work, but works with an effortless ease that hides the painstaking care given to every detail.

The latter is also concentrating—to a degree painful to watch. But he is concentrating on his efforts to concentrate. He is engaged in an intense fight—with himself.

When he has finished he feels proud of the effort he has made, and he makes the mistake of measuring results by his feelings, instead of by the amount he has accomplished.

In reality there has been as much waste of power as though a Nasmyth hammer had been used to crack a nut.

Nothing could be more fallacious than the idea that the harder we make a task the better we shall do it.

The aim of every worker should be to do the maximum of work with the minimum display of effort.

It is always the expert worker who makes the least fuss about it.

We come back to the old question of Habit. When attention becomes a habit, so soon is the brain freed from the effort to concentrate and able to devote itself to the work.

Remember that, other things being equal, the more easily you work the more you will accomplish.

Rightly used, concentration is the oil that makes the wheels go round.

Wrongly used, it is merely the grit that stops them moving at all.

The Kiss of Disease.

Although smallpox is spreading in the Swadlincote district of South Derbyshire at a rate which gives cause for alarm, the public do not seem to be taking the danger seriously. When patients are being driven to hospital, crowds flock round the vehicle, and women even attempt to kiss juvenile victims before their departure! These foolish people are certainly asking for trouble. But why should they be allowed so near the infected?

Reported Missing.

Since it is impossible for all the girls who have recently absented themselves from homes in and around Glasgow to be so tired of the old folk as to quit merely through wander-lust, it behoves the police to continue their vigil over institutions and individuals whose aim in life is to reap a vice-tainted harvest out of the deception of those misguided innocents. The sorrow of grief-stricken parents and the emptiness of deserted homes call out for the crushing of this victimisation of our girlhood.

Sixty Amazons.

Unless the muddled Rent Act is put straight at once there will be more scenes like one at Bournemouth. A county court bailiff marched on a house in Winyard Road to evict a family which included a sick child. The mother dashed from house to house, knocking up neighbours, and, in a flash, sixty women appeared, surrounded the house, and carried the furniture back as fast as it was brought out. The women won. Their motives were prompted by humanity which the Rent Act has missed.

Checked by a Cheque.

Help becomes of double value when it arrives just in the nick of time; that is why Mrs. F. Mower, 44, Melford Terrace, Thetford, appreciated the cheque we sent her. It arrived "just at the right time to help us over a great difficulty." Only the Mower household can know the benefits of that cheque which changed the aspect of life for them. It was sent in response to an application made under our Insurance Scheme, through which thousands of others have benefited.

Just a Bunny?

Since many proprietary rights of modern landowners are based on historic robbery, it would be but just if some of these gentry would wink more at the mild poaching stunts of men pressed by the force of hardship. Arthur John Austin, of Epping, through being ill and out of work since the New Year, had no food in his house, and hearing the continuous cry of his three children for bread, thought it would be no crime if he resorted to the game preserves to save them from starvation. The fine of ten shillings imposed on a household already suffering is surely cruel.

Pity the Poor Parson.

The recent announcement of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners that they were prepared to raise the incomes of livings to a minimum of £300 appears to be somewhat empty boast. A vicar whose living is worth only £160 applied for a grant, but was informed that as the patronage of the benefice, which is in the gift of an Oxford college, was considered private, the living was not eligible for augmentation. At this rate, out of some two hundred and fifty poor livings in that particular diocese, only about seven can benefit by the Commissioners' vaunted generosity. There are thousands of persons in the same pitiable plight.

Soft Jobs for Softies.

H. Diprose, an estate agent, of 66, Clapham Road, London, S.W., advertised for an Army pensioner and wife as caretakers. Applicants received a formidable list of duties which would occupy the whole time of the couple. The husband was expected to take charge of all plant and materials in the builder's yard, act as time-keeper, and do all kinds of carpentering, painting, and house repair work, while the wife was to clean the offices, do the catering, and cook meals for four persons. The remuneration proposed was three rooms rent free, and ten shillings a week! Such conditions are slavery.

An Amorous Advertiser.

Lewd are the uses of advertisements when they emanate from rascals of the type of Philip Gordon Frankenstein, the Newton Heath rubber factor, inviting girls to apply to him for jobs. One decent girl found that the beast's need was for a "knut," not strait-laced, who would spoon with him. And what he wants now, more than anything, is his liberty, which he won't have for four months!

"Unwanted."

How cruelty to children makes sinners against society is shown in the case of Florence Lovitt, bound over at Bristol on a charge of bigamy. An "unwanted" child, her mother died. She was happy in an orphanage until she was boarded out with a couple who made her a slave. She escaped by marrying, but parted with her husband and committed bigamy. The brutes who poisoned her life go scot-free. Why?

Artful Dope Smugglers.

Smugglers' cunning is the explanation of increased quantities of dope being brought into the country. One boat docked recently in a northern port had bottles bound to pipes, which were covered with canvas, camouflaged with paint. Dummy nail-holes in ships' sides have frequently been dope stores. Traffickers who hang about docks with tainted money are responsible for sailors risking their liberty, and they should be handled by the police.

Push and Go.

It is nice to be a Beau Brummel, although when you have to do it by wearing other people's clothes it lowers one's standard a trifle. But J. Stuart Woodley, to whom we gave a little salutary publicity some time ago, and who disappeared from his usual haunts for a time, has once again started his old game of diddling landladies and swanking about living on his wits. Once again we tell landladies that they should not be impressed by his monocle.

Cold Lunch for Kiddies.

A strike is now in progress in the Gulworthy School, in the Dartmoor district, where the parents have withdrawn the whole of the children owing to the refusal of the managers to provide facilities for warming the pasties which constitute the mid-day meal of many of the scholars who live at a distance of several miles from the school. Are the managers quite heartless? Surely some arrangement might be made whereby the children could enjoy a hot meal.

Pavement Artists.

Male sleuths in the streets of Manchester and Salford have become increasingly bold in their brazen methods because the decent girls they pester have hesitated to give them in charge. The woman pest is soon spotted; the elderly well-dressed perverts, whose presence on the pavements is a moral menace to the city's young, too frequently go undetected. When the police get busy they should pay attention to the suburbs, where even young children have been annoyed in broad daylight.

Doping the Scot.

Once again our disclosures in reference to Glasgow's underworld have borne fruit, this time the scene of police activity being a den under Russian proprietorship in St. Andrew's Square, where, amid an Oriental environment, a dope known to the initiated few as "Russian whisky," was being manufactured and sold to a clien ele already in a state of prostration when the detectives made their scoop. Poison-shops such as this are an abomination.

Slaughtered Children.

The death toll of the London streets was six hundred and sixty-seven in 1923, more than a third of the dead being children. Unfortunately, accidents are increasing. The way to stop them is to tackle the tangle of street traffic. A much-needed reform is to make the ambulance service as slick as the fire brigade, for more lives are lost in the streets than in burning buildings, and injured people are left to writhe in agony awaiting the tardy ambulances.

The Elusive Bookie.

A number of our readers have written to us about a bookmaker who calls himself Frederick Allen, of 31, Market Place, Leicester. The man is a humbug and has recently left Leicester owing money to the landlord who sub-let him his office, and to many other people.

Time!

It is good to see that the authorities are going after the "patriots" who have hitherto dodged income-tax by spending part of their time abroad. But we would like to see action carried a step further by dealing with the scandal of the aliens, permanently domiciled here, who escape taxation on the plea that they are neither British subjects nor recipients of money from British sources.

Missing Pebbles.

Solomon of old is dead. But Mr. Hart Solomons is very much alive. He goes about the country selling glasses, and charges a price which includes the repair or change of lenses during a lifetime without further cost. One man found his glasses unsatisfactory, wrote to headquarters in New Oxford Street, and got his letter returned marked "Gone away." Solomon shorn of his glory couldn't do worse than that.

On the Goodwin Sands.

What is the Government going to do in regard to the disaster on the Goodwin Sands in which several gallant seamen clung desperately to a mast for three days. The imperilled sailors sent up a flaming S.O.S. which was unnoticed by three light-ships within a radius of four and a quarter miles. The flares were not seen. The public would like to know what was the cause of the apparent neglect in connection with these distress signals?

Problems of Life.

A LONELY MOTHER.

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A "John Bull" reader sends me a pitiful story.

She has lost her only child, a charming girl twenty years of age, of brilliant gifts and beautiful nature.

The sorrow is aggravated by the fact that some time before the end the dying girl lost her reason owing to nervous over-strain.

The bereaved parent now wants to know if there is ground for thinking that this beloved daughter might have been spared if her work in life had been less exacting—or if everyone has an appointed time to die.

Also she wonders if our dead know anything about us, and if such a calamity as mental break-down continues into the next world.

Physiologists tell us that every human physical organisation is like a clock wound up to go for a certain time. We can stop the clock, and we can shorten life.

I do not believe that the millions of splendid young men who were killed in the war had lived out their allotted span: human wickedness and folly deprived us of them.

On the other hand, it is a common thing for people to reproach themselves for not having done something or other which might have lengthened a dear one's life.

They should not do so. We never can tell before the event what the specific result of any action may be: we can but do the best we know at the moment.

A disordered brain is like a musical instrument out of tune. The soul is the player and gets a better organ at death, one that cannot break down.

The one thing that can bridge the gulf of death is love, and where love is there must be communion of spirit.

It is heaven's wireless wave.

'Ware Webb!

When recently we exposed the swindling activities of Mr. F. Webb, of 478, High Road, Tottenham, we certainly did not bargain for the terrific rush of correspondence from victims with which we are besieged. In view of this we regret that it does not seem within the power of the Public Prosecutor to act. Webb is very busy just now advertising his willingness to lend people money "in confidence."

On the Bounce.

Messrs. S. Marks & Co., of Cromford Court, Manchester, deal in country produce, get people's goods and then find various excuses for not paying for them. We are still receiving many complaints about their methods of business, which are distinctly shady, and advise people with claims against them to obtain the support of the Courts. We also warn prospective clients to leave the firm alone. There ought to be an official "black list" for the guidance of small country farmers.

Touting Shylocks.

Alexander M. Jones, otherwise A. Goldstein, of 16, Conduit Street, Regent Street, London, W., is a touting Shylock who continually sends tradespeople offers of loans, assuring them that they can rely upon absolute privacy, but encloses his letters in unsealed envelopes! The only effective way of dealing with such persistent pesterers is to return their circulars to them, and omit to stamp the envelope. This method convinces them very quickly of the undesirability of their attentions, and incidentally benefits the national revenue.

Eyesight Treatment by Post.

Ernest Havilland, "Consultant Specialist" to the Havilland Eyesight Institute, Ltd., 33, Strand, London, W.C., makes one of the most extraordinary claims we have ever heard. Though he is apparently unable to print after his name any recognised qualification for dealing with eyesight troubles, he offers treatment for a fee of £2 2s., and actually asserts that it is unnecessary for him to see patients personally! He must be possessed of miraculous powers.

Robbing the Workless.

A poor girl seeking work sent sixpence to Norwich in answer to the following advertisement in a daily paper:—"Are you unemployed? We can offer you employment; genuine information, either sex. Particulars 6d. (returnable).—Rosby's, Ltd., 40, Rose Valley, Norwich." After waiting ten days and hearing nothing she wrote again, but has received no reply. The limit in meanness has surely been reached when sixpences are filched from the workless in this shameful fashion. We should be glad if a Norwich policeman would find time to take a stroll down Rose Valley.

Insulting Behaviour!

At Holyhead last year a reader bought a watch from H. G. Williams, a local watchmaker, and later sent it back by registered post for repairs. As it remained unacknowledged, a certificate of delivery was obtained. Over six months elapsed, during which repeated requests for its return were ignored, and at last the watchmaker was told the matter was being reported to JOHN BULL. Then the watch came back, Williams declaring that he would have returned it sooner, only he felt our reader "had been acting rather insulting by sending to the post and getting proof of delivery." What an insult!

The Vulture.

The toll of war has left many grief-stricken homes, but that is nothing to the female vampire who is trading on the fellow-feeling of relatives in different parts of London who lost sons. This callous woman, posing under many aliases, such as Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Lawrence, has furnished herself with a list of names and addresses of relatives of men who made the great sacrifice. By showing a photograph purporting to be that of her son killed in the same regiment, she has obtained free board and lodging as well as loans from bereaved mothers. The police must cage this vulture who feeds on sorrow.

A Widow's "Might"

THERE are some people who must smile when they hear the familiar expression that the law is an ass. To them it must appear a benevolent institution that declines to penalise people in spite of their earnest endeavours to earn its condemnation.

We have a law which is intended to punish people for obtaining money by false pretences. One might think this law was easily set in motion. We should think that this view is not shared by a person called Williams, who lives at Branswood Farm, Highwood, Essex.

Some time ago we devoted a paragraph to the remarkable methods of business which distinguished Branswood Farm. The paragraph in JOHN BULL, we have good reason to know, had a salutary effect. In the case to which we drew attention, the prehensile agriculturists of Branswood Farm lifted four pounds from a poor Scottish peasant who sent the money to buy calves. He did not get the calves, and he did not get his money back.

But he got a pathetic letter, explaining that the Branswood farmer was a poor widow involved in financial and domestic difficulties. There was nothing for it but pity, if not exactly calf-love, and putting up with the loss of the money.

But we think the public should know a little more about this grass, or at least this agricultural, widow. A small holder, living near Sheffield, sent on eighteen pounds for pigs, and has never received either the pigs or the money back.

The small holder knew of other victims in his neighbourhood, and with appropriate public spirit decided to teach Branswood a lesson. He went to the police. They recommended him to go to a solicitor. The solicitor, after doing his best, advised him to spend no more money on the matter.

So far the honours of war, or rather the dishonours, are with the Branswood farmer, or widow. But that is a highly unsatisfactory development to everybody except Branswood.

But the widow does not always get her mite so easily. She caught a tartar in George Sadler, of Parkgate, Rotherham, who also paid eighteen pounds for ten young pigs which were not delivered. He took Branswood into the County Court and got judgment for the amount.

If one could always be sure that getting judgment was the same thing as getting one's money back, that might be an end of the matter. But, obviously a smallholder, in a remote part of the country, is terribly handicapped in undertaking legal proceedings of this kind.

Branswood appears to have found this out. Is Williams to continue to score easy, profitable and bloodless victories? If so, the owner should have written on the gate-posts of the farm that the law in matters of pigs and calves, is appropriately and doubly an ass.

Arrest the Meat Swindlers!

WE are paying far too much for our meat. Large profits are being deliberately extorted from us by profiteering "rings." We call upon the Government to take some official and efficient step to stop this wholesale robbery.

THE public is being persistently swindled over the cost of meat. The real trouble is that there is a "ring" which practically controls the price of imported meat, and can manipulate it in its own financial interest.

As everybody knows, Chicago dominates the trade in imported bacon. American farmers complain that they do not get good prices for their hogs. British consumers, at least, pay fancy prices for their rashers. The difference goes to the middlemen manipulators

For example, last year bacon was sold in Chicago at under sixpence a pound. It was sold in England at over two shillings a pound.

What happens is that these people deliberately hold back supplies for a week or two. A shopkeeper in a provincial town, for instance, finds that he cannot get a supply of bacon. Afraid of losing his customers, he offers an increased price to the wholesaler. When this has happened all over the country the wholesaler condescends to dole out his stock and puts an additional profit into his pocket.

That is where Chicago takes its toll of the British consumer. The Argentine, which sends us a great proportion of our meat supply, is equally exacting. One of the largest and wealthiest of our meat-importing concerns declares that it controls nearly three thousand shops in Great Britain. The butcher who is selling the meat over the counter in these shops is quite helpless in the matter. He must charge whatever price is dictated to him.

There is only one thing that restricts the plundering activities of the meat importer. That is the price of home-produced beef. He knows that if the price of imported beef were the same as the price of home-produced beef the consumer would, of course, buy the home product. So imported beef is always a few pence cheaper a pound.

In these circumstances the importer has realised that if he could raise the price of home-produced beef he could also raise the price of imported beef. He has therefore formed a "ring," which dominates the price of meat.

The farmer must accept the price that is offered him by the "ring," or take the risk of sending his cattle by rail to a distant market, with no great certainty that he will get a better price there.

Lord Linlithgow's Committee looked into this matter, and found that such "rings" existed in public as well as in private markets, the butchers and dealers agreeing not to bid against one another. That keeps down prices against the farmer, but the benefit is not handed on to the consumer. It goes into the pockets of the distributors.

The Committee recommended that representative organisations of dealers and butchers should endeavour to put a stop to the practice of "ringing." This is almost as useful as inviting wolves to behave like lambs.

Another result of the existence of the "ring" is that salesmen can increase their charges. In any case the higher the price charged for meat, the more money goes to the salesmen. These people will always pretend that they are not making much money, but the truth is that stalls at Smithfield have changed hands at figures running into many thousands of pounds, and in one case the sum of twenty thousand pounds was bid for a stall.

The butchers' and dealers' "ring" is one of the worst features of the food trade in this country. Squeezed by it, the retailer resorts to any dodge to get his own back. The commonest dodge is selling chilled beef as English beef.

Now and again a butcher makes a desperate effort to build up a trade at the lowest price possible that will show him a profit. In such cases it has been found possible to sell any joint of beef at sixpence a pound. That is a very reasonable price because beef can be landed in this country at about fourpence a pound.

How is the meat "ring" to be dealt with? For months the Government has been fiddling about with this problem, which affects every household in the country, without achieving any perceptible improvement. There are shops which succeed in selling steak, for which about a shilling a pound was paid to the wholesaler, at three shillings a pound extorted from the consumer.

The Linlithgow report has been referred to as a "vague and woolly document." Its inconclusive deductions would certainly not intimidate the prehensile profiteers who batten on the meat trade and on the food of the people.

There is only one way to deal with these parasites. Publicity is the best safeguard. *The Government should publish regularly the wholesale prices of food where everybody can see them.*

Meat ought to be much cheaper. The salesmen blame the deliverers, the shopkeepers blame the salesmen, the farmer blames the dealer, and—the consumer pays dearly. The middleman gets the profits.

Pottery and Promises

A COLLECTOR anxious to obtain specimens of earthenware from the tomb of Tutankhamen would appear to have more reasonable hopes of achieving his desire than a tradesman who sends an order for crockery to a concern called the Fountain Pottery Company, of Stoke-upon-Trent.

The concern is a branch of W. Evans (Stoke-upon-Trent), Ltd., and professes to supply china and earthenware for home and export. Whether it and its parent company manufacture pottery or are merely factors, we do not know.

If they are manufacturers, they must employ the slowest workmen in Staffordshire, while if they are simply wholesale agents they must draw so much revenue in interest on their customers' money that they might almost start a bank.

Their advertisements appear regularly in certain weekly periodicals, and are designed to appeal chiefly to small shopkeepers. In a previous issue we had occasion to call attention to the dilatory methods of the concern, and we have received frequent complaints from readers who were unable to obtain delivery of crockery ordered.

The fountain of pottery flows slowly enough in the home market, in all conscience. It seems to dry up completely when orders are received from abroad.

As far back as February, 1921, the proprietor of the Burma Commercial Stores, Yamethin, Upper Burma, sent the Fountain Pottery Co. an order accompanied by a bank draft for over £20.

The order was duly acknowledged, with a promise of early delivery. Several letters complaining of delay produced a series of promises, but no pottery.

In May, 1922, Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, the customer's agents, made enquiry, and received an apologetic reply, regretting that the order had been unfortunately "overlooked," and again promising early delivery. Though the order had been "overlooked" for more than a year, there had been no such oversight in the little matter of cashing the bank draft for £20, and the Fountain Pottery Company were then asked to refund the money. They replied with another promise of pottery.

On several occasions during 1923 further applications were made but produced nothing but more promises. Two registered letters were sent, and certificates of delivery were obtained from the Postal Authorities, but these were ignored altogether. After gushing promises for three years, the fountain ran dry.

This is rank robbery.

It was only after much prevarication and shilly-shallying that Evans made some show of attempting to give satisfaction to our readers at home. Possibly he imagines that the claims of a customer in far-away Upper Burma may safely be ignored.

He will now learn differently.

Farm Boys' Suicide Camp

THE public have been moved by the many suicides of young boys sent out to a lonely life in Canada. Something is radically wrong with our system of emigration, and speedy remedies must be effected.

WE are receiving hundreds of letters from Canada endorsing our protests against what amounts to white slavery, which has cost the lives of many unhappy children sent out to the great Dominion. We are glad to know that the Canadian people are with us all the way in our resolve that these damnable tragedies must cease.

There is no other word to describe the shocking fate, say, of Charles Bulpitt, a sixteen-year-old British boy, who hanged himself in the barn of an Ontario farm, after he had been punished by the farmer. The farmer has gone to jail. That will not restore the life so terribly sacrificed.

Whether the children come from England or elsewhere is not the main point. The chief thing is that they must not be ill-treated like Laura Elman, the tiny tot of eleven, who was stripped naked by a brutal mistress who threw cold water over her and turned her out into the snow, with the result that she has lost her toes, and some of her fingers, through frost-bite, and is now maimed for life.

We need not recall here the story of little Albert Cartner, a fair-haired young English lad, who was left to die unattended in rags on a wretched bed in a dark, dreary and damp cellar. This tragedy started a wave of indignation which swept over Canada. Unhappily other cases keep cropping up. The sad spectre of child suicide haunts the prairies of the Great Lone Land.

Only a few days ago a lad called Leo Hoover, hanged himself in the barn of his farmer-employer near Kingsville. He had no known relatives, and the remarkable thing is that the local coroner decided that an inquest was not necessary, it being apparently a locally satisfactory explanation that "homesickness" was believed to be the cause of the deed.

Poor homeless lad, carried to his grave without even the formality of an official inquiry, although this was the fourth case of suicide among young immigrants in Ontario, *three of these occurring within a week!*

What Canada Thinks

Fatherless, motherless,
Scantily clad,
Sisterless, brotherless,
Lonely and sad.

Out on the farm alone
Nothing but skin and bone,
Not a red cent his own—
Somebody's lad.

Only to think of it,
Just on the brink of it
Hardly begun.

Taking the leap alone
Into the dread Unknown—
Somebody's son.

TORONTO EVENING TELEGRAM.

Obviously, where such things happen, and with such tragic persistence, it ought to be somebody's business to find out what is wrong with the system.

John Payne, a fifteen-year-old English boy, was sent out to Canada by the Barnardo Home authorities in London. A younger brother went with him and is still working on a farm in Ontario.

Poor Johnny had been beaten by the wife of his farmer-employer, and, thousands of miles from home, his courage failed him, and he took his life. There was an inquest in this case, although Inspector John Stanners, of the Barnardo Home institution, said, according to an Ontario Press report, that he could see nothing to justify an inquest. He added that the boy "took the poison after a domestic affair, but I do not see any evidence of temper."

We do not think that the public will be satisfied with comment of this kind upon so appalling a tragedy, nor will it be any more reassured by the remarkable suggestion that the dead boy had been reading of young Bulpitt's suicide and imitated his example. This view appears to be shared by the authorities of the Barnardo Homes in London.

Clearly an epidemic of suicides among children sent out to work on Canadian farms must not be allowed to be explained away in this manner. The system is all wrong. The Barnardo authorities admitted to our Special Commissioner that they cannot systematically inspect more than once a year the farms to which their boy charges are sent.

What the authorities of the Canadian Government might do is to arrange with local children's aid societies to co-operate with, and supplement, the work of English Home inspectors.

No doubt the authorities individually are doing their best. But that is not enough. There must be co-operation. The tale of suicides is proof conclusive.

On the whole the Barnardo Homes have done well for the children they have sent to Canada, which is only another way of saying that the average Canadian farmer is a kindly and decent fellow.

But the system must cope with the far too many bad cases, and bring to an end the appalling state of affairs which takes its toll of young and helpless and blighted British lives.

Poor Persecuted Police!

WHY should not the public be informed as to the reasons which have led the Chief Constable of Huddersfield to take disciplinary action with regard to a number of members of his staff?

Recently, Acting-Sergeant Albert Copeland was reported for misconduct, and called upon to resign. Constable Ryder was reported for misconduct, and reduced three classes for twelve months. Ten other constables were also reported and punished by reductions.

It is a matter of the highest importance that when police officials act in a manner which would lessen public confidence in police administration, all the cards should be put on the table.

In Huddersfield it is stated that the discipline of the local police has been found seriously wanting. It appears that at the police station itself a number of officers gathered together in a room intended for recreation, and were there engaged in betting transactions or in making preparations for betting transactions in connection with football coupons.

They were surprised by a superior officer, and disciplinary action followed. But there has been no salutary publicity. Why?

Some wretched youths were brought up at the Huddersfield Police Court the other day and charged with selling lottery tickets. They were fined, and the Chief Constable denounced the pernicious system of gambling which was revealed by the case. The persons who were engaged in this matter were publicly punished, and received the publicity with which such cases are usually rewarded.

The Chief Constable of Huddersfield might do worse than explain exactly why he has had to punish his subordinates, and why it was not thought necessary to submit them to exactly the same course as would have been adopted had they been mere members of the public.

An example of effective and public spirited action has been given by the Chief Constable of Dundee, in a case brought to his notice through these columns. We recently published the story of an attempt made by a Dundee constable, Sergeant-Clerk Black, to open an account with a London bookmaker. The letters, it will be remembered, were written on official notepaper, and bore the office stamp of the Chief Constable. When the bet was lost the bookmaker was not paid.

We asked how it came that such letters could be written, and what was wrong with the office where such things could be done. The Chief Constable at once had enquiries made through Scotland Yard, and we placed at its disposal the information in our possession.

We have now been informed by the Chief Constable of Dundee that the connection of Sergeant-Clerk Black with the Dundee Police Force is severed.

We do not see how any other course could have been taken if public confidence is not to be undermined. We commend this story to Huddersfield.

No Dress for Mother

THE system of buying goods by deferred payments has much to recommend it if one is dealing with a responsible firm. There are many people who find it very difficult to pay in a lump sum for things that they require, and to them the instalment system, properly administered, is a real boon.

But, because it has been so successful in many respects it has tempted a large number of sharp traders to use it as an instrument for getting money from the public without giving them the real benefit of the deferred pay system, which is that you have the goods in use while you are paying for them.

There is a firm called Cray Stewart and Company (H. C. Shaw), of 10, South Street, London, E.C. 2, which has ideas of its own of the advantages of the deferred pay system, and so far as we can see the advantages are intended to accrue in the first place.

For some years they have been advertising costumes and clothing on the deferred payment system, but when they get the first instalment instead of sending on the goods they announce that these goods will not be sent until the whole of the deferred payments have been completed.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and the dupe angry. But that is not the only unsatisfactory feature about the way this firm conducts its business. It is bad enough for the customers to be disappointed about the date of the delivery of the goods they buy. It is much worse when they try to get their money back and fail.

Mrs. Thackeray, of 6, Vine Street, Aldershot, sent a deposit to these people in reply to their advertisement. When they got her money they said they would not send the goods till they got the rest, but would give goods to the value of the deposit. After some correspondence she agreed to do this, only to be told that they had no account of the deposit, and asking her to send on the receipt.

Instead she consulted the police, who advised her not to do so, and added that they had received numerous complaints from other people concerning this firm. The business has been established since 1902, and its bankers are the National Provincial Bank of England, who may also be interested to know of these police complaints against their client.

Judging from its typewriter, its office administration might be much improved. The Aldershot lady would prefer her money back instead of getting strange letters ending with a curious typographical but not grammatical assurance: "Trusting To SaTTle The TransacTion SaTisfacTory."

Something has apparently gone wrong with their "t's." We Take This opporTuniTy To inTimaTe To Them ThaT They should pay special aTTenTion To Their "P's" and "Q's."

A Court Cameo.

The Price of a Good Time

"HIS wife knows nothing about this, sir. It will break her heart and smash up their home." Even the official tones of the police inspector throb a little as his blasé mind envisages the domestic tragedy.

But he is wrong. Above the clock of the Sessions House is the public gallery. And in the front row of the gallery sits a slim, fragile-looking little woman whose attention is divided between the man in the dock and a bundle of pink flesh, wrapped in fluffy white garments, which she crushes to her breast.

The atmosphere of the court is heavy with the pathos of the occasion. Bewigged counsel even seem less bored. The Judge gazes at the young fellow in front of him with an expression that is embarrassingly fatherly. And tucked away in a far corner of the crowded court I notice a fashionably dressed girl whose cynical curl of the lip makes a pleasant face unpleasant . . .

Gerald MacSherrard has been found out. The black fowls of the night have come home to roost. With but thirty summers behind him, he is now in the garden of his agony, being forced to drink the bitter cup to the dregs.

Happily married, with a loyal wife and a lovely babe, he has had no cause to complain of life—his lines have fallen in pleasant places.

"What caused you to do this?" The judge is speaking. His voice quavers with sympathy.

MacSherrard bites an underlip with his teeth. No answer comes.

"Here you are, in your prime, with a comfortable home and a wealth of domestic happiness. And for some reason that we cannot discover you forge your employer's name to a cheque and squander the money. Why did you do it?"

And still the stubborn silence from the man. Above, a little bundle of humanity is pressed to a throbbing bosom . . . In the corner a cynical smile mars a pretty face.

"If you would give an explanation, it would be better for you." The judge becomes persuasive. "You should speak, if only for the sake of your wife and child."

The delicate face above is excruciatingly white . . . but that cynical smile only deepens. Then MacSherrard braces himself as if for a plunge.

He is now speaking—a cruel confession, every word a stab to a woman's heart.

"I became infatuated with a girl . . . took her out to theatres . . . wanted to give her a good time . . . couldn't keep up the pace and so . . ."

From above comes a gasp. A fragile little woman presses a sleeping babe to her heart and rushes from the court.

In the corner a fashionably dressed girl dabs away at her nose with a dainty powder-puff and so hides for the moment the cynical curl of that well-chiselled mouth . . .

A Plot to Fleece London

VISITORS to the British Empire Exhibition are warned in this article to be on their guard against the machinations of some of the world's greatest crooks who are planning to come to this country to reap the richest harvest of their careers.

THIS year from all over the world people will be flocking to the great Empire Exhibition at Wembley, where the prey is gathered together, and where also will come the vultures.

The most dangerous gang of international crooks in the world is at present on the Riviera, cheerfully perfecting its plans for its great offensive at Wembley. Scotland Yard must make a special effort to frustrate the plans of wholesale robbery and spoliation now being carefully elaborated.

The first object of these crooks is to find their way easily and safely into this country in the spring. Their plan is to enlist the assistance of the police as the best means of disarming suspicion.

C.I.D. men are being posted to the ports to watch for suspicious characters, and to turn them back. The chief members of the gang, knowing this, are posing on the Riviera as rich colonial and American gentlemen. They are spending money freely, and, in several cases, have lodged complaints against the smaller fry who haunt the casinos at Cannes, Nice and Monte Carlo.

In this way they have got fairly well in with the police officials, and hope to come to this country as sheep who have to be specially protected.

Scotland Yard for months has been preparing a complete dossier of these big international crooks. It has their records, their photographs, and their finger-prints. But it is quite useless to keep these documents in the pigeon-holes of an office.

Photographic copies should be taken, and given to the chief detective at each of the big ports. If, in this way, the "big" fellows can be stopped, the rascals who aim at the big coups—the confidence tricks, the gambling den plunder, and the jewel robberies—there will be a better opportunity to deal with the dangerous crooks who are already here.

The worst type is the professional blackmailer, who is getting steadily more daring and more brazen in his operations. An example shows the danger that timid and unsuspecting people are exposed to. A country clergyman, well on in years, was spoken to by a young man in one of the London parks. Another man approached them, accused the clergyman of having made improper suggestions to the young man to whom he was talking, who backed up the story, and demanded money under threats of calling the police.

Instead of going straight to the police station, the old clergyman, thinking of the scandal in which he would be involved, and the disgrace to his cloth, paid his tormentors, and thought to be rid of the matter. The men followed him to his hotel, found out where his parish was, and persistently bled him until they were arrested on another charge.

The impudence of these blackguards is amazing. Two of them the other day actually accompanied their intended victim to the police station, but the police refused to take the charge. Some hours later they found another victim, and actually had the audacity to go with him to the same police station, where they were recognised. They are now in jail.

The safeguard of these wretched rascals is that respectable people will not face the odium of a police prosecution.

Police officials in the West End of London, and in some of the larger provincial towns, know of cases where people of great social prominence have been involved, all of whom have refused to appear as prosecutors and to face publicity.

The rogues rely on this immunity. Our Special Commissioner has met many of them in their haunts in London's night life, openly bragging of the helplessness of their victims.

One young fellow, an effeminate person known to his familiars by a woman's name, had been blackmailing a gentleman persistently on the threat of exposure. The gentleman, after months of torture and anxiety, fled recently to South Africa.

There are hundreds of these rascals living on the fat of the land, and who can be found every night in certain well-known West End restaurants and cafés, particularly in a café bar off Shaftesbury Avenue. We are willing to give the police the names of the haunts.

These rogues must be put under observation at once. It ought not to be difficult to capture them at their dirty games. It must not be left until the foreign and provincial visitors are here ready to be despoiled.

And the police must make a special effort at once to capture the big fellows amongst the international crooks who are plotting to come here. There ought to be no difficulty in capturing, say, the notorious John Gavey, one of the princes of the confidence trick gang, who has tricked Scotland Yard so long, and Walter McWilliam, who is scarcely less persistent, if not quite so clever.

If they, and their confederates, are roped in, it will mean the certain saving of many thousands of pounds during the coming season.

Breaking Hearts of Oak

THE British Mercantile Marine Service is one of the nation's proudest possessions. It has the glorious traditions of over a thousand years of mastery of the sea behind it, and it won the admiration of the whole world by its magnificent achievements during the Great War.

Yet now, in the days of peace, when the gallant fellows who compose it should be reaping the reward of their devotion to duty, they are faced with conditions more deplorable than at any time in its history, and it is not too much to say that thousands of "hearts of oak" are breaking to-day in consequence of the indifference to their complaints which is manifested in high places.

An appalling amount of unemployment exists among both seamen and certificated officers.

As regards the men, their distress is largely caused by the excessive employment of Asiatics. After spending years at sea, they find their places in British ships being filled by coloured workers from Bombay, Port Said, and Sierra Leone, while they are left to starve ashore, or compete in a hopelessly overcrowded market for jobs as general labourers.

About 40 per cent. of the personnel of the British Mercantile Marine consists of coolies, Arabs, negroes, and "Chinks."

The certificated officers are in an even worse plight. After educating themselves at considerable expense for a maritime career, they find themselves unable to obtain the positions for which they are qualified, largely owing to the almost incredibly foolish system whereby certificates greatly in excess of the requirements are issued by the Board of Trade, and the equally senseless admission of thousands of apprentices to train for appointments which they cannot, under present conditions, have any hope of occupying.

As ships are officered and manned nowadays, there is not half enough jobs to go round for those qualified to fill them.

Yet since the war, 7,000 second mates have been certificated by the Board of Trade.

Where are they?

Some are in the forecastle, slaving as able seamen for a pittance. Many are ashore, workless, without even unemployment pay on which to support their wives and families.

Still the multiplication goes on by the admission of more apprentices.

Disgraceful though it is, there are ships which set sail without a single able seaman aboard, being manned entirely by apprentices!

That this sort of thing represents an economy to the shipowners is obvious, but it is an economy achieved at the expense of the demoralisation of the Service, and unless it is checked it is bound to give rise to a state of things which must end in disaster.

The matter is one which should receive the earnest consideration of the President of the Board of Trade.

Those Wicked Dockers!

by ERNEST BEVIN

General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, and popularly known as "The Dockers' K.C."

THE problems that gave rise to the Great Dock Strike still remain to be solved.

In this article Mr. Bevin outlines the methods by which he considers permanent peace could be secured.

THE Dock Strike has brought vividly to the front once more the whole problem of dock labour, and the imperative necessity of changing the conditions in order to bring them up to the standard of modern requirements.

The public, as represented in the Press, always scream out when a labour dispute takes place, but a great deal more enlightened information is necessary for actual understanding—firstly, of the working conditions; secondly, of the psychology of the men; and thirdly, of the changed standards that have taken place since the original conception of Waterside Labour was formed in the public mind.

Indeed, it is true of all labour that the so-called non-labouring classes show a colossal ignorance of the tremendous changes that have taken place in the aspirations of the men in the last fifty years.

MANY of those who are more particularly on the directorate side of industry, have not yet realised that labour is now a factor with developed aspirations and outlook that they can no longer just ignore as they did in the days that are gone.

It is often particularly noticeable when any labour trouble arises and the Union Officials have to approach the Employers, that the answer one gets is "What do these fellow want?" as if they were something apart from the industry altogether. They cannot understand why in the world "these fellows," as they say, should require to be considered at all.

All these things are a question of conception, and hence the dispute was largely due to those engaged in this industry, more particularly the directorate side, approaching the problem in the early days with this kind of mentality: "Here are these bothering nuisances of dockers again, causing annoyance, wanting things. We just won't stand for it." That expresses to a very large extent the directorate mind.

ANOTHER difficulty in this matter lies between the provincial ports and London. The City of London is really a city of figures. The great exchanges and so on, and the business of finance absorbs the mind of the city man, and although the whole of his trade, his prosperity, depends to a very large extent upon the smooth working of transport, it is astounding the enormous ignorance of the actual conditions that prevails.

We are sometimes slightly amused in a dispute to see how quickly the wealthier classes, and the so-called middle-class, begin to scream at the first announcement in the press that the wicked workman has stopped work, and their food and comfort are likely to be interfered with.

The trouble is, that there is no reciprocal effect in peace time, when their ordinary life is undisturbed; and this brings one to the real crux of the problem of Dock Labour.

It is perfectly true that the docker is concerned, like most of us, about the actual money he is going to receive in wages. And while that may be said to be the main claim from the point of view of the actual workman and must be satisfied, it does not solve the problem.

Decasualisation, a form of Port insurance, is imperative. One of the arguments of the Employers is that the dockers have become so accustomed to casual labour that they would not do anything else. Our answer is that, while it is perfectly true that some men have formed habits that are the result of the demoralising effect of casual employment, it must be the object of all citizens to prevent others from drifting into the same position.

THE kind of opposition that you get to regular habits being instituted is the same form that opposition took to compulsory education; but because the parents were opposed to compulsory education and showed tremendous hostility, that did not prove that compulsory education was wrong. Indeed, it was essential.

The same may be said of public health, and a hundred and one other forms of social change that have been introduced, and which were only compulsory in the sense that they had to be compulsory for a period until the people became adapted to them. And while a form of compulsion still remains yet they are really, in fact, accepted in the newer generation by consent.

THE same will apply in dockland. No one pretends that with a strike on the country is going to change the conditions of casual labour.

It is to this end that we have promoted a Bill for the Decasualisation of dock labour, and also for this purpose that we have struggled so hard to get an undertaking from the employers for the purpose of giving effect to the proposals of the Shaw Agreement.

We shall be told that our scheme is impracticable, but we desire at this stage, *before the public forget that they have been inconvenienced*, and before they pass on to some other sensation, to arrest their attention for a brief moment to what the Bill provides.

If in this Parliament it gets carried, it will provide that all questions of Port Registration and Insurance Schemes shall be in the hands of a National Council composed of an equal number of Port employers and employees.

There is already such a Council in existence. The Bill will demand that it shall be made truly representative of all the ports.

Should this Council cease to exist, it will become the duty of the Ministry of Labour to set up such a National Joint Council. Every port is to have its local joint council, and where none exists they are to be created within a month of the passing of the Bill.

The solution of the vexed problems that led to the strike is to be left to these councils, but should they fail the Minister of Labour will be empowered to prepare a scheme.

THE essential starting point of any scheme of reconstruction is that all dock workers should be registered. Nothing effective can be done until the deadweight of casual labour is thrown overboard. The National Council will be required to prepare such a register within six months, failing

Ernest Bevin

which the Ministry will take the matter in hand. We do not propose to leave any loopholes. Casual labour has got to be ended.

The question of a guaranteed weekly wage has got to be solved. The conditions of dock labour are not those of the factory. Sometimes there is work, sometimes there is not. No two days produce the same amount of work to be done.

The difficulty can, in our view, be overcome by guaranteeing to the docker a certain sum per week below which he cannot fall.

Should his earnings, whether at piece rates, time rates, or overtime, exceed this guaranteed minimum—good. Should they fall below this amount we propose to give him the difference between what he has actually earned and what he would have earned if he had worked for five days of eight regular working hours at the minimum time rate prevailing in the Port. Surely there is nothing very revolutionary in that?

ALL we are endeavouring to do is to see that the docker does not suffer from conditions of labour that are an unavoidable feature of the industry, but for which he, at any rate, is not in the least responsible. The Minister of Labour will be empowered to vary, on the recommendation of the Joint Council, the number of days' pay upon which this minimum wage is based, should the need arise.

We are not proposing to enrich the docker at the expense of the community. But we are seeking to give him at least the same measure of security that is enjoyed by the worker in any other industry.

The Bill will also provide for the establishment of an Insurance Fund to which every registered worker will contribute. Parliament will be asked to contribute its share, and the general cost of administration will be met under the Insurance Act.

THE docks will always present us with the problem of work that is of a strictly seasonal nature, and there will always be a certain amount of work that is purely temporary.

The trouble we are fighting is that, up to now, all dock work has been treated as though it were seasonal and temporary.

The Bill will provide that men engaged on such seasonal or temporary work must be temporarily registered. In other words, while they are working at the docks they must be looked upon as dockers, not as tramps to whom a few days' work is thrown as an act of charity.

The dockers no more want strikes than the public do. They know far better than the public what a strike really means.

But disputes may arise in spite of it. The Minister of Labour will, therefore, be given powers to secure the observance of whatever orders he may make, and provision will be made for setting up machinery to deal with complaints and abuses, and to deal with trade disputes as they arise.

I fail to see anything particularly controversial in such proposals. The Bill is a measure which all parties in the House of Commons must support or confess themselves indifferent to the welfare of an important section of the community.

FOR the ports are the key to the situation, and unless the problem is solved, there will always be an atmosphere of unrest and uncertainty.

If these proposals are adopted and the machinery for conciliation, together with social insurance, is made effective, we may look forward to a long era of peace and development for the whole of the waterside industry of the country.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—For some time now you have been the Patron Saint of Honesty. If the country failed to appreciate your pre-Election honesty, it will not recognise it more readily now if you go on saying the sort of things you said the other day. "For the moment," you explained, "but only for the moment, the Socialist Government has concealed its revolutionary proposals." To my mind that savours of insincerity. You know full well that the Labour Government has no revolutionary proposals concealed up its sleeve—it has openly repudiated the Capital Levy—and for you to hint that its present constitutionalism is a cloak to hide the red ruin of Communistic ideas is hitting below the belt. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. C. P. TREVELYAN, M.P., President, Board of Education.

SIR,—You appear to be unduly proud of your achievement of taking steps to reduce school classes to fifty scholars; but it does not excite me in the least. It is asking too much of any teacher to train fifty boys or girls simultaneously. That size of class is unwieldy; the educational results must of necessity be hovering near the minimum mark. Try again; and see if you can bring the size of classes to a maximum figure of forty. And even then my sympathy is with the poor teacher. JOHN BULL.

To WARDLEY MILNE, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—Being fortunate enough to secure first place in the ballot for private members' motions, you could think of nothing better to do than to move a resolution on Protection. Did no one tell you that Protection had been dropped from your Party's programme? You got the crushing defeat you so richly deserved, but it has been left for me to tell you that such a wanton waste of Parliament's time clearly marks your unfitness to be a member of that body. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. VERNON HARTSHORN, M.P., Postmaster-General.

SIR,—By now you ought to have settled down to your new job; therefore I am not being unfair in asking you to give immediate attention to the provision of postal wireless service. The other day a vessel was stranded not far from Dundee, and help from that port could easily have been sent had the "S.O.S." reached it. Owing to the fact that there is no relay station at such an important point, the "S.O.S." had to be wirelessed to Newcastle, thence telephoned to Carnoustie before Dundee could be informed. Have this altered at once, please. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. GEORGE HOOPER, Ripon.

SIR,—According to your jaundiced mind, "dancing and cards are sending a lot of young people to the devil." Perhaps you are right; but you clerics have got me guessing all the time. While you were uttering the above declaration a number of other clergymen were running whist-drives and dances in aid of their church funds. Is it that you don't mind sending young folk to the devil so long as the Church takes the fees for services so rendered? JOHN BULL.

To the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, 17, Prince's Gate, S.W. 7.

YOUR GRACE,—If the world took you as seriously as you take yourself this country might have cause to sharpen its sword again. At a meeting of the "Friends of France," you actually say that "the Labour Party were openly adopting an anti-French policy." Fortunately the "Friends of France" are not so ignorant as you pretend to be. They know that the present Government has created an atmosphere infinitely more friendly to France than either the two preceding Governments were able to do, and that M. Poincaré himself is on terms of pronounced official friendship with our own Premier. Talk sense—if possible. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. M. B. FURSE, D.D., Bishop of St. Albans.

MY LORD,—Ever since you arrived in this country from South Africa, you have given numerous evidences of the sanity of your views. I notice that you have been giving the people of Redcliffe some gilt-edged common-sense. After urging that the only way to get the "better world" was by training the children to understand that the order of life should be "a form of service to the community," you said that men should be paid a fair wage for a fair day's work, and that a fair day's work should be a good day's work in return. You are right. Those "wicked employers" are not always the only sinners against the social gospel. JOHN BULL.

To COLONEL GROOM, Little Bealings Hall, Suffolk.

SIR,—When Messrs. Henry Kent Bros. were fined £20 for offering diseased meat for sale, it transpired that the sheep in question had been one of your flock but had been found dead by your shepherd, who handed it to Kent Bros. as fit for human consumption. Mr. Kent said that he sent it to market without examination "to oblige Colonel Groom," and the magistrate remarked that you had acted with great carelessness. It may be that you are not impressed with the importance of seeing that the meat you market is fit for the public to eat, but I would advise you to take greater care in future. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. WM. ADAMSON, M.P., Secretary for Scotland.

SIR,—I beg to draw your attention to the outrageously severe penalty of a fine of £100 or sixty days' imprisonment inflicted at Fort William, Inverness, on William Watt, the skipper of a small motor-boat, for trawling within the three-mile limit. The customary fine for a boat of the size is £5 or £10. Watt was convicted on slender evidence, it was his first offence, and he is in very poor circumstances. I hope you will rectify this injustice. JOHN BULL.

To AMOS SHERRIFF, Esq., Ex-Mayor of Leicester.

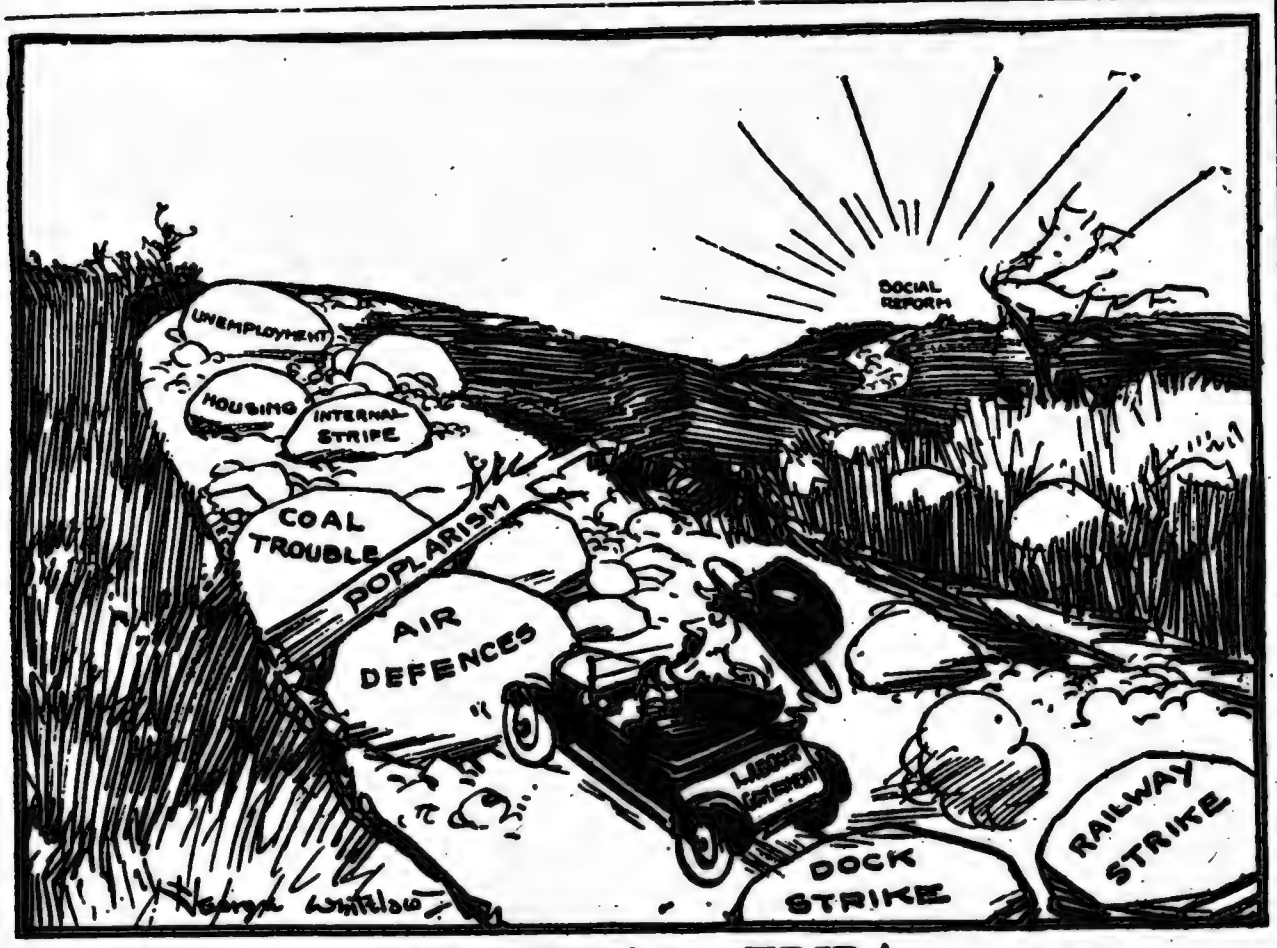
SIR,—I am interested to note that you have resigned from the Leicester City Council following the conviction of Thomas Francis, the bailiff of the Corporation farm which was under the control of a committee of which you were chairman. "I have fallen among thieves," you declared with emotion. As up till now only one has been convicted, I suggest that you might employ your leisure in bringing the others to justice. Such action on your part would go far towards restoring public confidence. JOHN BULL.

To the CHIEF CONSTABLE, Barmouth.

SIR,—If I should feel in need of a good long sleep this summer I shall come to Barmouth. When application was made for local kinema and music-hall licences, you asked that these places should be closed at 10.30 p.m., as you thought that quite late enough for children—and grown-ups as well—and the Bench endorsed your view, being perturbed by the thought that "lodging-house keepers had to wait up until 11 p.m. for visitors to come in." Wouldn't you like a by-law passed enabling you to arrest anyone found out of bed after dark? JOHN BULL.

To HOWARD CARTER, Esq., Luxor.

SIR,—I confess to some sympathy with the attitude the Egyptian Government has taken with regard to you. From the first you have made a scientific exploration a commercial proposition. I am tired of your petty squabbles. You have turned an epoch-making discovery into a circus. Come home and let earnest-minded men continue the work in a more dignified manner. JOHN BULL.



HIS TRIAL TRIP!

Without Fear or Favour

HOW TO REDUCE INCOME-TAX

The Game of Grab

WE are glad the new Government is beginning to show its teeth at the profiteer.

A democratic community cannot and will not tolerate the presence in its midst of a group of anti-social parasites, lurking in wait for the passing emergency that will enable them to levy blackmail on their defenceless fellow-citizens.

No sooner was the dockers' dispute at our doors than prices began their upward march, as much as 50 per cent. being added to the wholesale cost of certain foodstuffs without a shadow of justification.

There is only one word for such conduct on the part of those who control the necessaries of life: it is a crime, and should be treated as such.

Imprisonment is not too severe a punishment for the trader who deliberately takes advantage of an actual or prospective shortage to levy heartless tribute from the wage-earners.

It has taken a national strike to reveal in its naked brutality this selfish game of grab which, to a greater or lesser extent, is going on all the time. Now that the opportunity arises we look to the Government to deal sharply with the profiteer.

No tears will be shed if a few of these gentry are sent to jail; but to the sentences of imprisonment stinging fines should be added. Touching the profiteer's pocket is real punishment.

Compulsory Arbitration

THE country is sick to death of strikes. The time is ripe for reconsidering our haphazard methods of settling industrial disputes.

Since it is the public who suffers most, it is the public who should have some voice in the settlement.

A quarrel between two individuals is settled in the courts before judge and jury, and the verdict of these twelve plain and unbiased citizens is legally binding on the disputants. A quarrel between a body of workmen and their employers could be settled in the same way with equal facility.

Why should not both parties be compelled to plead their case before a British jury representing the British people? Why should not those who are prepared to hold up the business of the nation be compelled to go into the witness-box and state, under oath, their reasons for so doing?

And the verdict of the jury should be legally binding on the officials of the Union and the employers.

There is no more reason for allowing industrial warfare than for permitting a revival of the old duelling system.

A Golden Opportunity for Mr. Snowden

THE new heaven promised by the Labour Government will cost a mint of money. There is one method by which the Treasury could benefit considerably, our debts could be reduced and our burdens eased. It is by State lottery.

WE do not envy Mr. Philip Snowden. The lot of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, like that of Gilbert's policeman, is "not a happy one," and there are exceptional difficulties in the path of the first Labour Minister of Finance.

The electors have been promised a new heaven and a new earth, the early instalments of which will cost a mint of money. Housing, unemployment relief, the war against poverty—none of these excellent things can be had except for cash and credit.

Very prudently the Chancellor of the Exchequer declines to anticipate his Budget statement. We cannot read his thoughts, but we can present him with our own. There is no tax on ideas. There is a means ready to hand by which Mr. Snowden can, if he will, add millions to the revenue without an additional penny of taxation.

Let him boldly espouse the principle of State lotteries, and arrange for the first subscription lists to be opened not later than the early summer. In season and out of season we have urged this proposal upon British Governments, and we retract not a word of what we have written.

THE so-called moral objections disappear into thin air upon honest examination. The plain truth is that the arguments of the "moralists," who trace their descent from Mr. Pecksniff, have been rejected by the robust good sense of the public.

No sensible person believes that a sweepstake is immoral, or that there is anything essentially wicked in the time-honoured practice of "casting lots." There is a vast amount of legitimate gambling on the Stock Exchange, the Turf is patronised by all classes of society, not excluding the House of Lords, the raffle and the whist-drive are indispensable adjuncts of church bazaars, and the ballots in aid of hospitals and charities have a wide appeal. We are all gamblers in one way or another, and none but a negligible and stupid fraction of the community are harmed by an occasional "flutter."

Why should not this universal instinct, which is part and parcel of the sporting character of the British people, be turned to practical account in aid of the distressed taxpayer?

A State lottery properly organised and advertised would bring into the Exchequer more millions than are dreamt of by opponents of the scheme, unless, indeed, we have entirely misjudged the propensities of the average citizen.

The cash prizes would sweeten life for the few. The surplus receipts would ease the burdens of the many, and, incidentally, enable the first Labour Government to keep the pledges on which it climbed to power.

The first stage must be to repeal the musty, outworn Lotteries Acts, whose archaic provisions are wholly out of keeping with present-day sentiment. Lotteries were not always forbidden by the law of England; indeed, the original purpose of the Lotteries Acts was to prohibit private drawings, which might compete with lotteries promoted by the Government.

The British Museum was built from the proceeds of a public lottery. The same method might, in our opinion, be justly and properly employed to build dwelling-houses for the people and abolish the shame of the slums.

If our proposal could be put to a plebiscite it would, we are convinced, be carried by a huge majority. A State lottery would go like wildfire. Even the carping kill-joys would come in!

The Channel Tunnel

THERE could be no finer project for the relief of unemployment than to build the Channel Tunnel. For nearly a century this plan for linking Great Britain to France has been under discussion.

Fifty years ago the proposal was killed by the military experts. Their objections can have no weight to-day. Strategists of all lands are of opinion that future wars will be fought in the air. It would be easy with the aid of modern science to guard against any conceivable military risk that might be involved in the existence of a tunnel beneath the Straits of Dover.

An immediate decision by the Government to put the work in hand would break the back of the unemployment problem. The building would take nearly three years, giving direct employment to many thousands of men, and by the demand it would create for materials rescuing many thousands more from the misery of enforced idleness.

Also the construction of the Channel Tunnel, a living link with France, would have a spiritual value not to be despised. It would be a lofty gesture of friendship. Without robbing us of anything that remains of our island security, it would bring us closer to our friends and neighbours, serving as a pledge for amity and good will.

It would be a fine memorial of the war, a magnificent monument of peace.

Flames of Fate

THE recent disastrous fire in Islington should recall householders to a sense of their danger. How many dwellers in our crowded City streets would know exactly what measures to adopt in the event of an accidental conflagration?

In public institutions fire-drill is constantly practised, and the safety methods which thus become second nature have saved countless lives.

It would be a good plan if each Local Authority were to employ a fire expert whose duty it should be to visit every householder and advise, after inspection of the dwelling, what measures of escape should be adopted in case of an outbreak of fire.

There ought, in addition, to be a more liberal provision of safety appliances than at present, and we should like to see an alteration in the municipal by-laws, making it compulsory when houses are built for them to be furnished with means of escape from fire.

Nor is this enough. Many old-fashioned houses, especially those which have been converted into tenements, are in this respect veritable death-traps. The Local Authority should have power to inspect them and to insist upon proper safeguards.

Six Foot Babies

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

WE have accepted the coming of a Labour Government with the same equanimity that we regard our roast beef, forgetting that the world is watching our experiment with anxiety. But there are grown men and women in the country who actually believe that Russia leads the way to the Perfect State!

Samuel Gompers, leader of the Trade Unionists in the U.S., where there is no Labour Party as we know it.

AN American banker, who was associated with Col. House at Versailles, came to see me the other day. He is going home and wanted to talk about our new Labour Government. "Is it a sign that the Old Country is going out of business, or is it a sign that she's going to give a lead to the world in Socialism?"

I replied to this question by asking him what he himself thought of the matter, as a cool observer from the outside and a shrewd man of business. "Well," he said, "I can't say anything about the Government, and I don't know what in the least it portends; but I'll tell you what most strikes me about the whole business; it's the amazing calm with which your whole nation has accepted the change. You don't seem to have turned a hair. I think that's wonderful."

This composure of the nation, I explained to him, is not a pose, nor is it a manifestation of mental torpor; it has its logical reason in the fact that even the most moderate section of the Labour Party is in a hopeless minority as regards the total electorate, whereas the Cave Men of politics, the real social wreckers, are merely a political sediment. He asked me if I were quite sure about that. I told him that my experience of the working-classes led me to believe that they were far too canny to let any Communist clap them unawares into the strait-waistcoat of a lunatic Slave State, and that if it came to a clean fight between intelligent Individualism and extreme Socialism, Socialism would suffer an ignominious defeat.

HE pressed me on this matter, and while I still stuck to my guns I admitted that there is a movement among certain of our workers towards a parasitism which I regard as dangerous. As an example of what I meant I read to him part of a letter which had lately reached me through this journal from a Socialist in Manchester. The letter was reasonable, not abusive, and one could feel considerable respect for the writer; but it contained a sentence which I thought characteristic of the degeneration of Socialism. This is the sentence:

> I am an uneducated man, therefore I have put my ideas in a crude form; it is not my fault, but the fault of the system under which I have been reared.

THE American said, "What's wrong with that?" I replied, "Ramsay MacDonald was educated under this same system; J. R. Clynes was educated under this same system, and so was J. H. Thomas. If the Manchester Socialist was keen on education, he wouldn't abuse the present system, he'd make the best of it; and if he put his back into the business he would be a scholar. That's what I mean about our Socialists. They don't want to do things for themselves. They want to be spoon-fed."

He nodded, and replied: "I guess I know what you mean. The fellow who has been too lazy to climb the hill, looks up, and just hates the other fellow who has made the effort and is now half-way up to the top."

"Self pity," I said, "is the most destructive of all the spiritual vices."

"Yes," he answered, "and about the lowest point to which a grown man can fall."

When I asked him if there was evidence of any such spirit in America he replied that the Socialists there were not reckoned a particularly respectable body of men, and during election times "cut no ice." He said he thought America had got individualism in her blood, and the notion of self help and vigorous independence was the starting-point from which most Americans did their thinking. He added, "That's why we are watching your Labour Government with a good deal of curiosity—and, if you'll allow me to say so, anxiety."

AT this point I took up the cudgels for our Socialists. I said to him, "You must not forget that we have been going through deep water ever since 1914. The sufferings of multitudes of our people have been very great. The struggle for bare existence has been not only excessively fierce but most intolerably prolonged. And all through these dreadful years we have been as clumsily governed as any Balkan State. I do not wonder that some of the sufferers have listened hungrily to the extravagant promises of our heated Reds. The moderation and statesmanship of the authentic Labour Party, however, strengthen my confidence in the splendid virtues of the British people."

"I agree," he said. "Your people are certainly wonderful. But I can't help an uneasy feeling that Socialism is a bit more fashionable among the working-classes than you are inclined to admit. The older men seem to be sound; I guess they're about the soundest in the world; but what about the younger lot—the fellows who either can't or won't climb the hill, and so just sit down at the bottom, with more self pity in their noddles than is good for their health?"

This question, I told him, could be answered satisfactorily only by the whole nation in a straight fight between Individualism and Communism; and there we left the matter.

SINCE his departure I have been wondering how it is that any section of our people can make up its mind to believe that Russia knows more about domestic happiness and industrial progress than the United States of America. What is it in the Russian experiment that attracts them? Who would rather have Trotzky for his master than Henry Ford? Thousands of people in Russia, who have never had a legal trial, are now lying in the filthiest imaginable conditions of a prison, dying unpitied, unvisited, and almost unattended. Every known form of ferocious cruelty and diabolical tyranny has been remorselessly applied to the starving masses of Russia. Not only is compassion out there non-existent but, apparently, normal human pity. Never in the whole world's history has there been such a plunge into savagery. And yet, grown men and women in these islands really and truly believe that Russia is leading the way to the Perfect State.

It shows, I think, only that the human mind, once dosed with the noxious drug of self-pity, is capable of abysmal self-deception. Is it uncharitable to think that our extreme Socialists are the unconscious victims of a perverted auto-suggestion? They believe what they want to believe.

National disasters merely mean "good business" for the profiteers!

The Englis

Rt. Hon. Josiah Wedgwood, M.P., the Minister who has control of Emergency food supplies.

A LOCAL tradesman who, during the deplorable dock strike, had raised the price of my domestic beef by threepence a pound, was good enough, in answer to my remonstrance, to explain the reason why. "With a shortage of foreign beef in sight," he said, "the wholesalers are bound, *of course*, to get the most they can for their store of English meat. That is the law of supply and demand."

I thanked him, as in duty bound, for a terse, clear and perfectly simple definition of the law of commercial chaos, the law of lawless brigandage.

What it means in effect is this: "You are hungry. Your children are starving. I, on the other hand, have stores of bread. The market price of this loaf is eightpence. But as a hundred families may shortly be perishing for lack of food and clamouring for this loaf, I am bound by the law of supply and demand to snap my chance of squeezing your vitals to make a merciless profit. The price to you will be two shillings. You haven't got two shillings? Then please move on to the scrap-heap. There are others who would sell their souls to get it. Next, please."

Put it another way. Two fellow-travellers are lost in the desert. Or two wounded soldiers lie on the battlefield. One is dying of thirst, the other has a flask full of water or brandy. "For the love of heaven," gasps one, "give me a drink." And the other thriftily replies: "My dear fellow, I quite see your point. And I would rather like to oblige you. But, *of course*, there is the law of supply and demand. And though we are comrades in arms, sons of mothers who were sisters, the demand for my flask so enormously exceeds the supply that I cannot afford to let you have a spoonful unless you hand over your diamond ring.

"Otherwise, I rather think, if you don't mind my saying so, that, to save your consciousness from the picking of the vultures, it might be

Not a Copper!

by A. G. GARDINER

WE are a nation of heroic beggars. The war that made us poor made America rich. We struggle to pay Uncle Sam the huge debts incurred on behalf of our Allies, who have forgotten their obligations to us! The whole position is farcical and calls for immediate readjustment.

IF I say a few plain words to-day on the subject of America as the moneylender to Europe, I hope I shall not be misunderstood. I am a friend of America. I believe that Anglo-American friendship is the key to the settlement of the world. Between them the British Commonwealth and the American Commonwealth control nearly half the earth, more, much more than half its wealth, most of its raw material and most of its industrial power.

They speak the same language and hold much the same ideas, and they are both anti-militarist and pacific in their aims. A friendly understanding and co-operation between them are the greatest need, not of themselves alone, but of the world.

There are plenty of mischievous people in both countries who do their best to make an understanding impossible, and there are outside influences incessantly at work to create distrust and to exploit our disagreements. The French propaganda in America, and especially in the American Press, is enormous, and it is always anti-British as well as pro-French.

I THINK it needs to be said plainly to France that we know this—have been aware of it ever since the war—and that we resent it. I know many Americans resent it. They want to be friends with France, but not at the price of hostility to this country.

With this exordium, let us turn to the dollar question. The war has left America rich and Europe poor. That is not the fault of America; it is the good fortune of America. It has the luck to be a self-contained world three thousand miles away from the scene of the trouble, and it has reaped the benefit of that fact. I am not one of those who sneer at her good fortune or complain of her selfishness. It is human for every country to look after its own interests first, and as the policy of America had been to keep out of the devil's cauldron of European hates and rivalries, it was reasonable for it to be cautious before departing from that policy.

BUT as the result of the war America has been left the one rich country in a world of beggars. Without her supplies the Allies would not have won the war, and without her active help in the last stage they would not, perhaps, have won the war. But she did well out of her war trade. We alone spent nearly two thousand millions with her for munitions and goods.

She lent her money freely to her Allies, as we lent freely, naturally expecting to be paid back. She lent money—a thousand millions or so—to us. We did not borrow it for ourselves, for we paid our way to the end of the war, the one country in Europe that did. We borrowed it on behalf of our Allies, France and Italy, to whom also America lent directly.

That was the situation at the end of the war. We were in debt to America, our Allies were still more in debt to us and also to America, and Germany was in debt to everybody.

WHAT is the position to-day? Not a copper either of capital or interest has been paid to us by our Allies. France owes us six hundred millions, but the interest she should have paid to us has been spent in arming Poland, Rumania and Yugo-Slavia. She does not acknowledge the debt or make any pretence of paying it. So with the rest. The only debt that has been honoured is the debt to America which we incurred, not for ourselves, but for our Allies.

We honoured the debt, not owing to compulsion, but because we thought we ought to honour it. America had no power of compelling us to pay, and if we had chosen we could have said, as France says in effect to us, "We cannot afford to pay and have no intention of paying." It was our own act. We thought it our duty and our interest to preserve the tradition that when you owe a debt you try to pay it. We have got no credit for it in the world. It has embittered France, which thinks that we have paid America in order to gibbet her as a defaulter by comparison. It was probably a foolish act for us to pay without first seeing that others intended to pay.

Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., who, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, negotiated the settlement terms of our debt to America.

BUT the thing is done, and our real grievance is not against America which takes our money; but against our debtors who refuse to pay their debts to us and prevent Germany from paying her debts to everybody.

Our debt is only a part of a general debt left by the war which should be treated as one problem and settled with fairness all round. The basic fact is that all Europe owes money to America; but that America is only collecting from us. That is not fair, and though we have agreed to an unfair bargain, America ought to recognise it as unfair and do the handsome thing and the thing it can afford to do. It is natural that Uncle Sam should want his money back. We all want our money back.

But Uncle Sam is rich and we are poor. We have been made poor by the same war which made Uncle Sam rich, and what we need is a reasonable distribution of the burden of the war over the backs of all, according to the capacity to pay. No one should bilk and no one should profiteer.

The point is important at this moment. The Experts' Commission have reported, and I hear that the American experts are putting forward a scheme which in many details is admirable. It starts from the fact that until Germany can pay, nobody can pay anybody else, and that the first thing is to clear up the Ruhr mess and let Germany get to work to pay reparations. With this as a beginning, America is said to be ready to find a loan in full or in part to assist European restoration on condition that this loan is given preference in regard to interest and repayment over any other obligation between the Allies themselves and between Germany and the Allies.

THIS is coming in "on the ground floor" with a vengeance. But I do not complain. If America lends it wants the best security it can get. But as a preliminary to this scheme Uncle Sam should do the bold thing about the war debts. He should propose a basis on which they can be extinguished as far as possible, and for the rest fairly distributed.

Let us have a square deal all round, and let Uncle Sam give the grand lead that he can afford to give. Let him live up to the tradition of the ideal Uncle Sam and not fall to the level of a hard-fisted Uncle Shylock.

glish Hun

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

kinder to cut your throat." That is the logical conclusion of the "law" of supply and demand.

It is the "law" of Charles Peace and Dick Turpin. It is a "law" which, if the dock strike had lasted for a month, would have brought the people's food to famine prices. In one day, at Sevenoaks market, the "law" raised the price of pigs by 2s. per stone of 8 lb., or 3d. per lb.

Why? Not because the pigs had cost their owners more than on the day before. But just because the dock strike *might* have checked supplies and intensified the demand. The national disaster meant "good business" for the profiteers. To some others, mothers of large families, that unreasonably bumped-up price meant a cutting down of the children's food. It meant one rasher instead of two. It meant a stinted ration of bread and tea instead of a meal.

If the strike had continued, the profiteering "law" would have meant a shrinkage of national efficiency, a reduced power of defence, the weakening of a strength more vital than our Air Force.

And who would have gained by it? We might have produced an increased crop of millionaires. The House of Lords might have been glorified by the addition of a few more Midases. But the people, the toiling mothers and fathers, the children who have to carry on the history of the British Commonwealth, what of them?

The cost of living is the basis of national prosperity and content. When it rises, wages must rise too, and when wages rise, the trade which pays them is apt to droop. And if, in the whirl of this vicious circle, the producers have reason to believe that their distress is being exploited for individual profit, they very naturally become angry. That is the one and only cause of revolutionary feeling amongst the masses.

It was a cause of peril to the country during the war. It is the cause of all the Bolshevism that survives to-day. The "law" which makes profiteering possible in times of national crisis must be ruthlessly suppressed by a permanent revival of our war-time Food Profits Act.

We have cleared the seas of pirates. We have made the roads free of highwaymen. The next business is to muzzle, or hang, the scoundrels who batten on the nation's necessities and distresses.

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SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

ON the whole, I suppose, Arthur Henderson is quite the most popular figure in the Labour movement—popular both inside and outside his own Party. The moderates tried hard to make him their leader in the Commons, but Ramsay MacDonald was the only possible compromise between the right and left wings.

And, indeed, the one thing "Uncle Arthur" cannot do is to lead. He has not the proper platform personality for the job. He is a conciliator, mediator, difficulty-bridger, path-smoother—what you will in that line—but neither a hard-hitter nor a magnetiser.

No prominent Labourite has been so unlucky at election-time as the Home Secretary. "Henderson defeated" is a message that causes no surprise at headquarters on the morning after the poll. This speaks for itself. Even his personal followers have no faith in him as a demagogue—the truth being that he doesn't inspire confidence, he doesn't thump the tub hard enough, he doesn't tell whopping lies with that genial ease which distinguishes the born parliamentarian and which was brought to a fine art by Mr. Lloyd George.

BUT Arthur Henderson is a born committee-man, a first-rate organiser, a superb string-puller. The Labour Party practically owes its political power to him—so much for his organising ability. Whatever cohesion there may be between the right and left wings is due to him—so much for his genius on committee. But the essential weakness of the Party—its uncertain link—is the effect of his influence—so much for his success as a string-puller! To understand Henderson, and the Labour Party as at present constituted, I must dwell on this point.

THOUGH the Premier has done his best to obtain the support of the extremists by giving government jobs to Messrs. Wheatley, Hartshorn and Jowett, there is still a clear cleavage in the ministerial ranks. There is the Clynes group and there is the Clyde group—the former pronouncedly moderate, the latter vigorously immoderate.

It has been the self-imposed duty of Mr. Henderson to square these two groups and bring them into line with each other. His great idea has always been to make the cause of the mental labourer the same as the cause of the manual labourer. The clerk in the City, the docker in Tilbury—brain-worker and body-worker—should, in his view, work for the same end. He firmly believes their objects to be identical, their ideals to be indissociable.

And so he pulls every imaginable string in the cause of unity. He stops at nothing, from the exploitation of personal charm to the more questionable methods of private intrigue, to make the Labour Party a happy family gathering with no squabbles to mar the perfect *ensemble* of fresh and rubicund faces. He even goes down on all-fours and lets the little dears play leap-frog over him. "Come on!" cry the Clynes children, and they vault the proffered back with yells of delight. "Come off!" growl the Clyde children, eyeing such antics with grave displeasure.

The Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson.

THESE last will never love "Uncle Arthur"—because he's a little too anxious to gain their love. And therein lies his real weakness.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Dock Nabob Docked

by HARRISON OWEN

HUDSON EWBANKE KEARLEY, first Viscount Devonport, who had been arrested on the high seas, was charged with provoking a breach of the peace and deserting his post of duty.

The noble viscount refused to plead, announcing that he acknowledged no authority but his own.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., explained that the accused was a tea merchant by trade, a viscount of the 1917 vintage, and Chairman of the Port of London Authority, which some were inclined to think should be renamed the Devonport of London Authority.

"Unfortunately," continued counsel, "his lordship suffers from the delusion that he was born between the covers of a novel by Miss Ethel M. Dell, and spends most of his time endeavouring to live up to his own conception of himself as a Strong, Silent Man. Lately, it would seem, he has been so busy giving an impersonation of this sadly overworked character that he has had little time for other activities, which may account for the fact that although it was known six months ago that the dockers intended submitting a claim for improved conditions, and their demands were formally drafted as far back as November last, no attempt was made by the employers to meet the men until a few weeks ago. Even then the Tsars of dockland did not discuss the claims, but merely announced that no part of them could be granted.

"THE jury is familiar with what followed—the undignified eleventh-hour scramble after a settlement, the offer to the men of an extra shilling, instead of the 2s. for which they asked, and, finally, the disastrous strike; but the jury may not know that, while the masters and men were endeavouring to reach a settlement, my Lord Devonport was many miles away enjoying a life on the ocean wave. Having decided in his own autocratic way that the dockers could take the extra 'bob' or 'lump it,' the accused promptly sailed for South Africa.

"I have not been briefed by the dockers," concluded Mr. Watchdog, "but by the Bull public, which is entitled to know why the accused, having by his own obstinacy made war almost inevitable, deserted on the eve of battle."

Mr. Strawsplitter, for the defence, repudiated the suggestion that it was his client's duty to bargain with the dockers. Things had reached a pretty pass if men were to be allowed to dictate to their masters, and viscounts were expected to meet plebian trade-union officials on terms of equality.

The jury retired for 7½ seconds and returned with a verdict of "Guilty."

"Having regard to the manner in which the public has suffered from what I might call the 'Devonport spirit' in industrial affairs," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "no other verdict was to be expected. The evidence makes it clear that prisoner is the villain of the piece, for many of the provincial employers were all along in favour of granting the men's claims. In the interests of peace I think it would be desirable for this Dockland Kaiser to follow other dethroned monarchs into retirement. Meanwhile I direct that he be docked for repairs to his badly damaged reputation and to enable some of the barnacles to be removed from a mind which evidently acquired a Hohenzollern complex during its owner's brief reign as Food Dictator during the war."

Why Girls Were Flogged

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

***TOUCHING** as have been our stories of Borstal, the fact that they have dealt with boys has perhaps prevented us from feeling too deeply. Here we draw the veil from Aylesbury, where girls in the first bloom of womanhood spend their days for some lapse from the path of virtue.*

Miss Lilian Barker, C.B.E., J.P., Governor of the Aylesbury Institution.

THE most remarkable of all my experiences in investigating the Borstal System, was at the Girls' Institution at Aylesbury. Here we have ninety-three arresting specimens of young womanhood.

What an opportunity for the poet and painter! Nature in all its coarseness and crudity, beauty more or less unadorned! Rosy-cheeked, plump youngsters, tall, dreamy-eyed blondes, bright-eyed brunettes. The girls of a thousand art academies, the theme of a million novels.

Callous critics may sneer, "A crowd of coarse, immoral reprobates." That is not so. They represent somebody's sisters, somebody's sweethearts and somebody's wives.

* * *

And yet we might well weep over Aylesbury. It is not all sentiment and splendour. There are stunted girls, derelicts picked out of the gutter and from gilded haunts of vice, maidens in their prime, with expressions that at once denote semi-imbecility and sensuality, homeless, parentless, pitiful dregs of society who have taken the only course open to them—a career of crime.

You might well say that the best method of reform here would be to pass all these girls first through a hospital where they could be overhauled, then to a dressmaker's, and then on to decent employment. And then, without doubt, they would vie with some of the best specimens of British womanhood.

Society, however, has a long way to go before it reaches such an obviously Christian and sensible step. It prefers to punish and bolster up. As in the cases of the majority of the boys and men who fill our prisons, the cause is mainly economic. Yet it is the last cause our reformers investigate when searching for a solution.

What makes Aylesbury of profound interest at the present moment is that it is in the throes of fundamental changes, which may have the effect of turning out by the score either decent maidens or merely unbalanced beasts.

* * *

At first glance Aylesbury seems hopeless. The first half-dozen coarse-fibred girls I spoke to jabbered rather meaninglessly about their "pals:" "Cissie comes first, Miss Arnold second, you (to the governor Miss Barker) come third, Miss Digby fourth. . . . I'm getting tired of Cissie, and I'll throw her over. . ."

This was a girl of nineteen, potato gardening. Girls on another part of the field waved their hands to the governor, who waved back. "Come and meet this gentleman," she shouted. They came, excited and then sheepish, with their barrows—several girls of all shapes and sizes. One reminded the governor that her twentieth birthday was near. "I don't want to be here on my twenty-first birthday," she said petulantly. "Sometimes I think I shall never get out of here."

* * *

I mention these instances to show that the relations between the amazing Miss Lilian Barker and her charges are of friendly familiarity. Miss Barker believes in mothering the girls—in "flooding them with affection," she said, "because they are of the type who have been starved of it."

Herein lies the greatest experiment in this heartbreaking problem of reforming delinquents. The boys' problem is bad enough, but the girls—well, there are men who frankly give it up.

I made a very thorough examination of the Institution itself and its records. The stories I had heard of Aylesbury were inconceivably revolting. Girls had been flogged with wet towels, pulled along by the hair, others had been put in strait-jackets, or leather belts, or stiff untearable dresses . . . agonising cries from padded cells. Punishment was vindictive and the results suppressed.

* * *

So far as the flogging and hair-pulling are concerned, they must have been done "unofficially" by exasperated "warders"—as they were then called. At any rate there is no mention in the records.

But the padded rooms, the leather jackets, the punishment cells, the strait-jacket, are all too true. *I saw them.*

They were, however, exhibited to me at my request as relics of a nightmare that had passed.

There had been in the past a perfect orgy of "smashing" on the part of the Borstal girls, a terrible "conspiracy" of hysterical outbursts, screaming, biting and scratching, and ferocious attacks upon the warders. Attempts at suicide, cases of breakaways, girls sent to prison and mental homes. From all accounts it was a perfect Bedlam, a veritable institution of horror.

Indeed, in one year there were more punishments, handcuffing, irons, close confinement and low dieting at Aylesbury than had been given in any prison in the British Isles.

It is easy to trace how these things develop. Hysteria is catching. One girl hearing the screams of another, sets up a counter scream and soon there is the maddest chorus of feminine cries ever heard outside a lunatic asylum.

NEXT week we shall publish the first of a series of intensely human articles by Mr. Robert Holmes, the famous Police Court Missionary, than whom there is no one more fitted to write on the intricate problems of our modern social life.

The point is whether this fairly common feminine form of protest should be rigorously suppressed or dealt with sympathetically. Two girls came to see me at the offices of JOHN BULL after the publication of my first Borstal article. They confirmed information I had already gathered about Aylesbury.

One had been there when another woman was the governor. Apparently these girls had had a frightful time, punishment after punishment being meted out to them.

* * *

This former governor had one of the girls forcibly restrained; Miss Barker's method would have been to reason with her and pacify her. I make no comment on which may be the better method. Time alone can tell.

In any case, the girl who came to see me is very far from being the better for her harsh treatment. Hers was undoubtedly a case which Miss Barker could have handled with more tenderness.

To-day there are no "strait" or "leather" jackets, no padded celling, no bread and watering—none of the campaign of hysteria, violence and smashing. The critics who are opposed to these "rag time" methods ask, "What will happen to these girls when cajolery and affection are replaced by the stern realities of a hard, workaday world?"

* * *

My reply is in the form of an equally pertinent question: "What has happened—on their being freed—to those girls who were kept under severe discipline?"

I went into the abandoned padded cell and noticed that the small, thick, circular window which lets in a glimmer of light from the outside still had the knuckle impressions of distracted girls who had jumped up in a frantic endeavour to break things. Poor, pitiful creatures!

The "prison" wing of Aylesbury had also been entirely evacuated, but for one girl who had just come in. Nice and clean looking she was, and we stopped to have a chat. It was her second time for stealing.

"Now you're going to be happy here, Rosa, aren't you?" said the governor. "Yes, madam . . . I shall try," she said in a wistful tone. A room was to be found for her on the reformatory side—one of the many which had been decorated with the little nicknacks so dear to the feminine heart.

One girl was on the penal side picking a mattress. Here, again, was a plump, healthy girl, looking as miserable as could be. She had broken her probation or licence by stealing some of her mistress's clothes. "I didn't steal them," she said to me tearfully, "I packed them in the wrong bag." I have asked Miss Elwood of the Borstal Association if she will kindly look into her story.

* * *

I asked to see another case in which I was particularly interested. Dorothy Baker is a Southend girl whose case attracted attention.

As Editor of the *Southend Times*, I protested strongly against her being sent to Borstal, and I raised through the newspapers a sum of money as a guarantee to the magistrates that she would be placed under medical care if they would but give her another chance. Blind-headed justice decreed otherwise.

* * *

They sent the distressed girl to Aylesbury. Here she has been for about eighteen months. Tall, good-looking and refined in manner, Dorothy has been learning book-keeping. She has been quiet and well-behaved.

I found her in a pensive mood. "Some girls say they are going to become worse when they leave," she said, "but I have learnt my lesson. I am determined to go straight. I have been lucky here. Oh, how I long to take up my work again!" The governor agrees that she should never have been sent.

Dorothy was anxious to know if a post could be found for her, and when I said that a sum of money was waiting for her at the offices of the *Southend Times*, she almost wept for joy.

* * *

Aylesbury is full of pathos and hope. But I must mention the touching scene of the three babies who were born in the Institution.

One was a fortnight old, and the mother sat comfortably before a warm fire guarding her sleeping first-born. I caught her in a deep reverie, and heaven knows she has enough to ponder over. The second was a little boy babe who had just learned to talk. "'Oose dat?" he asked when the door opened.

He said it with such an air of spontaneity that I asked the governor to introduce me, but I soon discovered that the young rascal was posing; it was the full extent of his vocabulary! The mother of the third was, I saw through the spy-hole, on her knees cleaning her room. Her dull eyes sparkled momentarily as the governor picked up the child and tenderly caressed it. I wondered, however, whether it was really necessary to lock mother and child in. . . .

Miss Barker has a tremendous problem to tackle, and I wish her luck.

Write

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Address your enquiry to Dept. Q, 26, Pancras Road, N.W.1.

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Doctors know that most cases of digestive disturbance are due to acidity and so, when they themselves get an attack of stomach pain, they obtain instant relief by taking a simple, harmless antacid preparation—Bisurated Magnesia. If *you* suffer after eating; if food lies like lead on your stomach, causing distress and keeping you awake at night, get a package of Bisurated Magnesia and take just after meals, or whenever pain is felt. You'll say, with the doctors, that this treatment may be cheap and simple, but there's nothing to beat it anywhere, at any price. Get some from your chemist now.

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

Love is Blind

"IN the closing months of the war I was blinded during a gas attack, and was lodged in a hospital in the South of England. During my stay there I was attended to by a nurse, and her gentleness caused me to fall in love.

"I was in the institution for twelve months, and at the time I was about to be discharged, still blind, I asked her to marry me. We became engaged in this way in 1919, and I was quite happy about the matter till two years later.

"After that period improvement in my general health brought about hopes for the recovery of my sight, and I again entered an eye institution, went through the necessary operation, and came through successfully.

"The joys of seeing again have been tempered by disappointment with the plain features of my fiancée, and indeed it would be no more than the truth to say she is truly ugly. I may be considered fickle, but I must own that I no longer bear the same warm feeling towards her."

"Humanist" says:—*A gentleman, in these circumstances, would carry out his promise. Good looks are no doubt desirable. Thank heaven, they are not essential to happiness. But if you feel you cannot make her a good husband, tell her so. I do not envy you the job.*

Her Father's Children

"AFTER the death of my mother, and when I was a girl of eighteen my father was married again to a young woman in the early twenties. In the course of the five years following, four children were born to them, but the last arrival proved too much for the second wife, and my father was again left a widower.

"Last August, therefore, it fell to me, at twenty-three, to become foster-mother to these youngsters, and this service I willingly gave until the present circumstances gradually developed. My father has been struck down with an incurable disease, and the doctor tells me that in the course of three months he will be no longer with us.

"Now I feel that after his death I ought not to be burdened with the upkeep of these young children, and, that it would be morally wrong for me to sacrifice my life's happiness because of the foolish second marriage of my middle-aged parent.

"It is true that some amount of blood relationship and claim on my faithfulness do exist, but I have also another duty which I feel quite as pressing. This is the one I owe to my fiancé, who for four years has waited patiently for me to marry him. I can see no other way than that of allowing the children to go to the Poor House, for when we begin our new home it would be unthinkable to foist the children on to his care."

"Humanist" says:—*The children, at least, are not to blame. They have a right to look to their relations for help. But they have not a right to look exclusively to you. Their mother's relatives should share the responsibility. If they took two and you took two, it would ease the burden. Your fiancé will not think less of you should you nobly try to help the helpless little ones.*

Mother and Daughter

"I AM single, and nearly twenty-five years of age, and engaged to a girl, at whose parents' house I am a welcome guest.

"Unfortunately, our temperaments both proved rather independent, and in the consequent little quarrels, the mother proved a very sympathetic and capable mediator.

"The mother's complete understanding of my peculiar nature has so enthralled me that I cannot determine the measure of my undoubted affection for her.

"She has recently declared her love for me (twenty years her junior), but is perfectly willing to assist me in my courting of her daughter, as she maintains that my happiness is her only desire. Consequently I find that I want the youth and grace of the daughter, with the wisdom and understanding of the mother.

"If I chose the latter it would mean a long wait for the decease of the husband. As social equality already exists and financial matters can be ignored, I make this appeal to you."

"Humanist" says:—*If I advised you to wait for the mother, you might have to wait thirty years. My advice is rather to marry the daughter if you love each other, and give this unbalanced mother a wide berth. If you don't love the girl, or she doesn't love you, cut the connection at once and for all.*

Not One to Spare

"I AM a miner, with seven children under fourteen. A well-to-do farmer, childless, wishes to adopt my eldest girl, and promises to leave her his money if I consent. But, Humanist, she is mine. And it is hard to part with children. God knows how I have starved and stinted myself to bring her up to what she is, and now this man comes and says: 'Give her to me; let her be mine.' There is an old poem, about children in a family, the last line of which says: 'Not one to spare.' What shall I do?"

"Humanist" says: *If the farmer were a relative, you would probably let her go. If you are thinking only of the girl's prospects, you would let her go. But I sympathise deeply with your wish, as a father, to keep your child. The proper place for a child is its own home. Does the child want to go?*

Her College Past

"FOR several years I have been acquainted with the girl to whom my elder brother has just become engaged. We were, in fact, at the same girls' college, she being in the class senior to mine, and when she left two years ago, at the age of twenty, she had earned an unenviable reputation through her relations with men.

"It was even rumoured in the school that at one time she had had an affair with a married man.

"Now my brother knows nothing of her past since our own city is miles away from the college town. He is very much in love with the girl, and thinks her the ideal of womanhood. I must admit that since their betrothal she has been all that he imagines her to be, and is as affectionate towards him as he is to her.

"Things look promising for their future, but I am continually asking myself should I allow the affair to go on without interfering? Would it be right to let my brother marry unknowingly a girl with a doubtful past? Is it just for me to keep silent and let him take to himself what may possibly be damaged goods?"

"Humanist" says:—*Mind your own business. Forget the school rumours which may have had no basis, and respect the admirable conduct of your brother's fiancée. You will have quite enough to do in this world to look after yourself.*

"Thou Shalt Not——"

"MY friend and I would like to consult you on a very delicate matter. We are both twenty-seven years of age and though not bad-looking we find that the young men left in our district — which is a small one — have begun more or less to cold-shoulder us.

"We have rarely left our native village, and, through family ties, have very little hope of ever doing so. Now, Humanist, we want your advice. There is seemingly little prospect of us ever finding a husband. Would it, then, be very wrong of us to break the seventh commandment, as we feel that we would like to experience what, after all, is human nature, before we are too old thoroughly to appreciate it.

"Of course our previous opportunities have been many and varied, but conscientious scruples have hitherto prevented us taking advantage of them."

"Humanist" says:—*I cannot advise you to despise the conventions or live an immoral life. The man who refuses to marry you, but is willing to compromise you, is not worth a second thought. Your native commonsense and imagination will enable you to picture the inevitable consequences of such adventures.*

The Maid's Problem.

"A girl in service, the master is making overtures to me. What should I do?"

Leave the place. It is so easy to get another. Why should you want to stay?

A Bad Father.

"My father, separated from his wife, has brought another woman into the home. I have left: he wants me back. Should I go?"

If you can live alone you will be happier. You could never be comfortable in such a home.

The Poor Lover.

"I am in love and out of work. My girl's mother, who is well off, asks me to break our engagement and give the girl a chance. The girl begs me to stand by her. What should I do?"

Stand by the girl: it is to her you are engaged—not to her mother. And buck up and get a job.

The Wife's Troubles.

"My husband and his brother get the same wage. My sister-in-law—a bad woman—has more money to spend on the home than I have. Comparisons are unpleasant: should I tell?"

No. It would be a horrible world if we spied on each other. Do your best and tell your husband exactly what you do with your money. You cannot do more.

A Greedy Brother.

"My brother took my illegitimate child at birth twelve years ago. I was only fifteen. Now I am married and my husband is willing to take the boy, but my brother says I must first pay all expenses."

You need not pay a penny. Tell your brother to hand over the boy at once, or you will take proceedings. The mother's right is indisputable.

The Doctor's Error.

"My doctor diagnosed my illness as cancer and ordered an operation. No cancer was found. Need I pay him, or can I sue him?"

You cannot sue successfully—unless you can prove gross negligence. A wrong diagnosis is not gross negligence. You are lucky not to have the malady you were told you had.

The Giddy Maid.

"My mistress insists on me cleaning the outside of windows in her house. I suffer from giddiness and dare not do it. Can she dismiss me for refusing?"

I do not think she could dismiss you, as in the circumstances it is an unreasonable order. But if she makes things unpleasant, leave the place. There is competition nowadays for the services of a good maid, if her giddiness is merely physical.

Wrongful Dismissal.

"I have been given notice to leave my job—a waitress—because money is missing. My fiancé says I must take an action or break off our engagement. I need hardly say that I am innocent."

I believe you, which is apparently more than your fiancé does. Get another job, and think over whether you should not also get another fiancé. If your employers refuse you a character, write and let me know.

The Well-meant Promise.

"When my father died he left a valuable old violin that I promised would never leave our family. I have not married, and there is no available recipient for it. Would it be wrong of me to sell it?"

If you are in real want you are entitled to sell it. The circumstances were not in your mind when you gave the promise, and promises of this kind should be interpreted as much in favour of the living as of the dead.

Politics and Revenge.

"My husband has been given notice, no reason alleged. He believes that it is because he voted Labour. His employer is Chairman of the local Liberal Association."

Let him ask why he has been dismissed. He is entitled to an answer. If it is unsatisfactory, let him lay the matter before a local Labour Association. But he must have as me reasonable proof.

Words Winged to Women

A Message to Mothers

by THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL, M.P.

AMONG the great and ever-increasing responsibilities which are devolving upon women, there is one which seems to me to transcend in importance all the rest—namely, the safeguarding of the moral and spiritual welfare of the boys and girls of this country.

This has always been a matter of fundamental importance to the State, but to-day, more than ever before within the memory of anyone now living does a realisation of this fact seem to me necessary on the part of women.

It is necessary on account of the greater freedom claimed by young people, the greater laxity of thought and expression of many of their elders, and the influences which are at work in the country, definitely antagonistic to religion and morality.

The promotion of the health and physical well-being of children must ever be one of the primary concerns of women. We value and encourage the mental development and stimulus that comes to boys and girls through education; but most of all must we endeavour by careful teaching, by loving guidance and by explicit warning, to enable young people so to steer their way through the many difficulties and temptations that assail them.

We must do this so in their turn they may become guardians of the Faith, and the traditions that have given our country a great place and an honoured name among the Christian nations of the world.

Katharine Atholl

Our Restless Girls

by MABEL HORNER

WHAT is wrong with you girls of to-day? According to your own admission, much.

You have no sort of patience with your elders. You fret at restraint. You crave freedom.

You want a "career," but it must be of your own choosing. You claim the right at all times to do exactly as you wish.

And, incidentally, you declare your intention to refuse to do anything you do not like. It sounds delightful—if it were possible. But it isn't.

In the first place it's fair to assume that you "restless" girls have been born into families where it is possible to pause and consider what sort of a career shall be entered upon. In the lower strata of society there is no such choice.

Of course you will no longer be dominated by man. That is to the good. Sycophant women make tyrannical men. The world of to-day needs neither.

When it comes to respect for our elders the position is less clear.

Youth must break away at times or all progress would be arrested. Innumerable young lives are hindered, even broken, by the crass selfishness of parents.

Great love can be very blind—also full of fears.

Youth does not, nor should, know fear. Courage to attempt to sail uncharted seas has discovered many a golden main.

Where selfishness and fear bar the way to self-development and hinder a career, you restless girls of to-day are right and justified in demanding a change.

Who knows what the world has lost in the realms of art and invention and achievement by the damning doctrine that women must always take the subservient place?

But that day has gone. Progress has been made. In theory it is admitted that woman is man's equal.

But equality does not mean sameness. And there is always one place where woman should reign supreme. That is the home.

It will be a great pity if you restless girls forget that; a great pity if, in the restless chafing under restraint, you forget that there is one great discipline we none of us can shirk, and that is the discipline of life itself.

The ties of home and kindred cannot with impunity be entirely ignored.

Let youth keep its courage, its daring, its pride. These things are good. But a certain amount of consideration for others is better.

Why Wonder?

HOW many times a day do you say to yourself, "I wonder!"? How many times do you say, "I wish I could be sure"?

Life is so full of problems and worries that we are always "wondering," always hesitating, always trying to make "quite sure."

We wonder and puzzle our poor old heads on everything under the sun. And the wife at home is deep in *her* problems while we are deep in ours!

Everybody is worrying and wondering—about big things and little things. If only there was someone we could take our troubles to, someone whose kindly advice was always available!

Well, there is someone! And not only one. There's a whole staff of experts in the offices of JOHN BULL whose only excuse for existing is that they help to solve the problems of other people!

We want you to make use of this staff; they are there specially for You—and their advice costs you nothing.

This is a service unique in journalism. Stop worrying—stop wondering! It doesn't matter what your trouble is—Business, ex-Service, Pensions, Home, Babies—there's an expert to deal with it

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

State quite plainly what you are worried about and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply, and leave the rest to us.

Already our Service has helped thousands. It is going to help more.

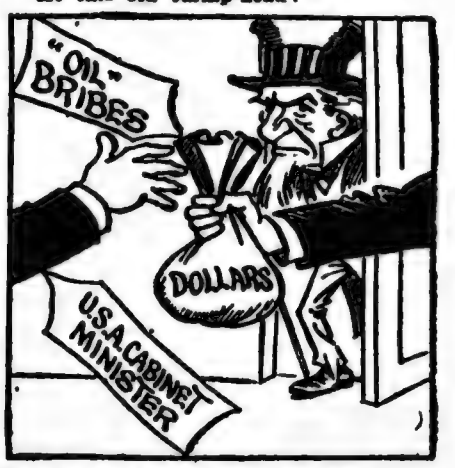
Let's help *you* out of your troubles. It's a friend's privilege!

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

"This boy from school seems strangely cool,"
The sad scaremonger said;
"I reckoned quite he'd die of fright
At this old turnip-head!"



To put it mild it makes you wild
And just a bit disgusted
When you've been "sold" for secret gold
By traitors whom you trusted.

It's very strange how Time and change
Can play such sorry tricks:
In other days he threw "bokays"
But now he's throwing bricks!

"The Labour tree it seems to me
Is quickly bearing fruit,
Considering the little thing
Has hardly taken root."

The
£150,000
PROOF
that
DUGGIE
NEVER
OWES.

MY CLIENTS won upwards of £150,000 from me over Rose Prince and Verdict. My winning vouchers — like bank notes — were redeemed immediately. My office walls were papered with them after the Cambe. Thousands came and saw these proofs that "Duggie never owes."

MY resources enable me cheerfully to meet all obligations. Years ago I announced that £100,000 reserve was in my bank. Nowadays even that sum pales into insignificance! The Press has said that my "stability is as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar."

•

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"Douglas Stuart rules an empire of satisfied punters."—
JOHN BULL.

Why I Have Tipped

A Good Plodder who May Carry Off the Prize

Since I tipped Drifter for the National I have received numerous letters asking for my reason for plumping for the son of Raft and Katie Darling.

One keen punter informs me that the horse has been placed only once in his last twelve outings, and that this time last year I mentioned that he was only a plodder. My keen friend has overlooked the fact that I commenced to edit this page ten weeks ago.

Drifter is only a plodder. That is why he never wins races of two or three miles. But he is the best jumper in the field for the Aintree course. The last time he finished in the first three was in the National of 1922, when he ran second to Music Hall. Last year he finished fifth to Sergeant Murphy, and was immediately purchased by the owner of the gallant Sergeant. He was bought on the advice of the late Captain Bennet, who, it will be remembered, rode the winner. Shortly after, Drifter went into Blackwell's stable, and he could not have been put into better hands.

The gelding carries five pounds less than last year, and I am convinced that if there is only one animal left standing on March 28, it will be Drifter. Punters who are afraid of plodders might like to know that in 1908 the Grand National was won by an ex-'bus horse, who knew how to jump—Rubio. He started at 66 to 1. Also, he carried the same weight as Drifter, 10 stone, 5 lb.

A Good National Bet.

The odds given against a horse to stand up in the National are generally 2 to 1 against. I see that a well-known penciller is offering threes. I think it is possible to make money by taking these odds. My six horses to finish the course are Drifter, Taffytus, Master Robert, Sergeant Murphy, Conjuror II. and Max.

Epinard, To Be or Not To Be.

French sportsmen must be laughing up their sleeves at the way they have put the cat among the pigeons by entering Epinard for the Lincoln. Here are a few of the extracts so far circulated. Epinard will not run—*Daily Mail*; Epinard may run — Mr. Wertheimer the same day. There is a good deal of "monkeying" going on with regard to Epinard. We advise readers to have nothing to do with him at present—*Jockey*; Michael Beary is staying with Eugene Leigh at Epinard's training quarters, and will probably ride the French champion—several daily papers; Epinard leaves for England on March 10—several more dailies; Epinard is suffering from fever of the feet—*Evening Standard*.

It is a good joke.

Our Jockeys in India.

Young Wragg proved the most successful of our jockeys who have been riding in India since last December. He should be pleased with his performance, as he was up against "Steve," G. Smith, R. A. Jones and A. Higgs. They all expect to have mounts in the Lincoln.

This Week's Racing.

Plumpton, Sandown Park, and Gatwick share the racing this week. The Royal Artillery Meeting is being held at Sandown on Thursday, and this year it is a one-day fixture instead of two. Follow Major Filmer-Sankey in the events for Military riders.

The plums at Plumpton and Gatwick are pretty sure to go to Poole and Bennett as usual, but these two stables have so many horses entered that it is impossible at the time of writing to forecast which are likely to be seen at the post. I should follow their selected, and also the smaller stables, Turner, Fitton, and Stevens.

Here are a few likely winners, but my late information will be coded throughout the country. Backed each way my selections show a substantial profit since January 1.

PLUMPTON.
Hackham, Dominican.

SANDOWN.
Prince Regent, Tara Hill or Redmer.

GATWICK.
Vic's Choice, Redhill.

CODE SELECTIONS STILL WINNING.

Chartered	5/1
Craggie Rock... ...	7/2
Puck	7/4
Son o' Love	13/8
Golden Victory ...	Evens
Orange River	4/9

PADDOCK PARS.

Will the B.P.A. succeed in their endeavour to reduce the general expenses in attending race meetings? Punters hope so.

• • •

Southampton is said to have cost Lord Woolavington £7,000. Before he was tubed he was worth every penny.

• • •

Epinard has paralysed the Lincoln betting. Last October he nearly paralysed several books.

• • •

Commander Smith, who popped up at Newbury at 100 to 8, had not won a race for over two years.

• • •

Do the connections of Turkey Buzzard regret that they did not accept for the National? The son of White Eagle slammed Forewarned and company at Newbury.

• • •

Westmead, my second selection for the Lincoln, is undergoing similar training on the Dunbar sands as last year's winner, White Bud.

FORECASTS FOR MARCH 8

(As some of the English and Scottish clubs will be engaged in Cup-ties, a few of the selections will necessarily become void.)

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. I.
Home Winners.
*Aston Villa, *Liverpool, Middlesbrough, *Preston N.E., *West Ham, Chelsea.
Away Winner.
*Sunderland.
Draws.
*Cardiff v. Huddersfield, *Burnley v. Bolton, *Newcastle v. Everton, *Sheffield U. v. Tottenham.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. II.
Home Winners.
*Bury, *Clapton O., Leeds U., *Leicester C., *Manchester U., *Oldham A., Stockport.
Away Winner.
Fulham.
Draws.
*Barnsley v. Derby C., *Bradford C. v. Blackpool, S. Shields v. Stoke.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. III. (Northern).
Home Winners.
*Ashington, *Grimsby, *Halifax, Tranmere R., *Wigan, *Wolves.
Away Winners.
Chesterfield, *Rochdale, *Bradford.
Draws.
*Hartlepools v. Rotherham, *Walsall v. Darlington.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. III. (Southern)
Home Winners.
*Brighton, *Bristol R., *Luton, Exeter C., *Millwall, Portsmouth.
Away Winners.
Plymouth A., *Swansea.
Draws.
*Aberdare v. Northampton, Boscombe v. Queen's Park R., *Brentford v. Norwich.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
Home Winners.
*Airdrieonians, Ayr, *Celtic, *Dundee, *Hibernians, *Morton, *Rangers, *St. Mirren.
Draw.
*Hamilton v. Aberdeen.
Away Winner.
*Raith Rovers.

(For coupon purposes, nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

Third-rate National

IN the first two international Soccer matches this season, Ireland beat England and Wales beat Scotland. In each case the winning country had ground advantage, or rather had something more material in the vocal support of their own countrymen, but neither result was in accordance with general expectations.

Possibly, when Scotland have entertained Ireland this week-end and England have met Wales at Blackburn on Monday, each of the four countries will be level in the championship table before their final game. But this is beside my present point.

Lesson from Wales.

What I set out to say was that, considering the wide resources of England and Scotland, they should be but seldom beaten by either Wales or Ireland. Scotland has not for twenty-one years conquered in Wales, and when recently beaten at Cardiff, in the Welsh national team was the reserve goal-keeper for a Second Division club, a left-back whose reputation had not spread beyond his locality, two inside forwards who are not only veterans but who cannot command a regular place in First Division teams and an outside-right who had not previously represented this country!

It was the immediate success of the latter player which prompts me to ask whether the English and Scottish Selection Committees do really attempt to build up real national elevens. Instead they would appear to be content to rely on club reputations.

An "Unknown's Success."

What did we see at the last alleged trial match at Tottenham? Half the players did not care much whether or not they kicked the ball at all. It is common knowledge that not a few of the stars object to playing in these games, and one proceeds to wonder if they are as keen on being in the national sides as one would only expect them to be.

On the contrary the best players on the field was from a Third Division club, and if he has since proceeded into the English team he has got no more than his deserts. But it is 50 to 1 that this man would not even have been considered for selection in the trial had he not been fortunate enough to just previously have appeared in a Cup-tie on a London ground at which one or more of the Selection Committee was present.

Trouble at Wembley.

Trouble at Wembley on Cup-final day is sticking out a mile. It has leaked out that already there are in circulation forged tickets for the dearer parts of the Stadium.

The authorities I have noticed have departed from their original intention in regard to admission to the terraces to the extent of reserving 10 per cent. of the room for the supporters of the clubs in the final.

This is all very well, but it is hardly conceivable that "blocks" side by side will be held over for the rival supporters or that they are allowed to mix. If so, their exchanges verbal and physical, might be much more entertaining than the game

Drifter

at Aintree

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Tara King.—I was very impressed by the performance of this gelding in the Putney Steeplechase at Kempton. He will win a three mile 'chase shortly.

Chartered.—Duller's mount at Windsor was one of my code selections and he obliged at the nice price of 5 to 1. He prefers firm going and should never be missed in two-mile hurdle races.

Le Cellier.—Nightingale has made a wonderful improvement in the jumping of the son of Cellini. He led nearly the whole way in the New Century Steeplechase, and was only beaten at the last fence by Mitchell's clean jump.

George Drake.—F. Brown's horse was a strong "tip" all the morning for the February Hurdle, and it was understood that Frank Wootton was to have the mount. For some reason the horse was not sent to the post. He is worth making a note of for future engagements.

Ceinturon.—Improves with every outing, and in running up to Battle Cruiser, who was in receipt of 7 lb., gave a very creditable showing. His speed on the flat is tremendous and when more accustomed to jumping will hold his own with all comers.

Ireland Green.—A very unlucky loser to Star of Hope at Hurst Park. Was not over well ridden, and, though coming with a rush at the finish, could not quite make up the lost ground. Ireland Green has been the medium of three plunges recently. He will follow up his Kempton success.

Ascham.—Was badly interfered with by Harry Lad at Leicester, and was carried wide in the straight. Although Tully pulled the horse up sharp, he never got going properly after this, and slipped up on the flat. Four seconds and one success in six outings prove his consistency. Ascham will pay to follow.

The Jester.—Has only won once in five attempts, but runs very consistently, and was very unlucky to go under to White Friar in the Belgrave Hurdle at Leicester. He stays well.

Goldsmith's Alliance.—Ran a fine race at Newbury, and very nearly brought off a 10 to 1 shot. Mr. Rayson's young gelding is just returning to form.

Highlander.—This bogey of the flat will be popping up at a nice price soon. He kept pace with Nane Snugger for most of the way in the February Hurdle Race.

Fly Boy II.—In such company as Tim, Ned Carver and The Saint II., Fly Boy II. will be winning again soon. He ran a good race at Newbury behind my code selection Golden Victory.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Newcastle Journal, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Daily Record, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent, and *Irish News.*

2 OO E X U G 3 S I

D 7 Q T J N O Y F

L Z R C 8 5 A B

V H M K MM LL P W

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be. NFPGI3MXQ would read GIANFORTE.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from February 27 to March 4 inclusive.

Elevens

Full resources of England's and Scotland's talent not being exploited.

This Week's Games.

At this period of the season the majority of the League matches simply do not matter to the clubs concerned, since they either have no chance of becoming champions or of moving down.

This week-end, of course, the big match in the First Division will be at Huddersfield, where the prospective champions appear. I should say that a point for Cardiff would almost ensure them of top place, as they seem certain to collect most of their remaining home points.

The Arsenal have the opportunity to temporarily get out of trouble in their game at Highbury with Liverpool, but they will have to play a hundred per cent. better than when I recently saw them perform against the Villa.

Chelsea may get a point at the Hawthorns, but who could tip them to even draw against the Albion, or expect Middlesbrough to get a point at Manchester?

The situation in the Second Division gets no clearer. Most of the clubs battling for promotion have made slips recently, and I suppose they will continue to do so and leave the argument open until the last day of the season.

Stoke can hardly afford to be beaten at home by South Shields, while there is a very stiff hurdle for Leeds United at Southampton where so few teams can play their normal game.

I should not, at the moment, like to take 5 to 2 I could name the two clubs, who, next season, will be operating in the senior division.

One Net to Another.

It is a far step from the sea to the goal of a First Division club, but from one net to another, so to speak, has gone Pym of Bolton Wanderers.

Pym was still a fisherman when he commenced to play football for a living. Exeter City soon discovered his merits, and he must have gone very near a goalkeeping record when he held the citadel for the club in 186 consecutive matches.

After the war more than one big club made overtures for his transfer. Bolton Wanderers, however, made the biggest, and are believed to have written out a cheque for £5,000.

COUPS FOR THIS WEEK-END.

My Coups for this week-end are:—

SEVEN HOME:—Bolton, Sunderland, Blackpool, Fulham, Northampton, Plymouth, Swansea.

THREE AWAY:—Manchester U., Hibernians, Rangers.

THREE DRAWS:—Bristol C. v. Leicester C.; Southport v. Wolves: Gillingham v. Millwall.

THREE HOME, TWO AWAY:—Bolton, Sunderland, Fulham, Aston Villa, Brighton.

ONE HOME, ONE AWAY, ONE DRAW:—Sunderland, Rangers, Bristol C. v. Leicester C.

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AND
CHARLES VILLIERS CHAPMAN

(Member of the leading Sporting Clubs.)

What the Press says:

THE SPORTSMAN—"During the whole of his career as a Turf Accountant no unsatisfied claim has ever been made against him. He employs a large capital in his business, which enjoys a high reputation for fair dealing and integrity."

THE SPORTING LIFE.—"The business of Mr. Chapman is one of the very largest of its kind in the world. Obligations are fully and honestly met."

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No wonder their Telegraphic Address is "GENEROUS."

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Our prices are calculated according to the Results, with a minimum as scheduled upon our Coupons.

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Agents wanted.

Full particulars by application.

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100 Friars Melody	200 James Pigg
100 Golden Hero	200 Martes
100 Holy War	100 Duke's Walk
100 His Excellency	100 Double Escape
100 Jackdaw of Rheims	100 Clonshever
100 Kinsman	100 Gay Lochinvar
100 Nora McTavish	100 Glengarry
100 Royal Hussar	100 Newlands
100 Ulula	100 Old Tay Bridge
100 Victory Speech	100 Palm Oil

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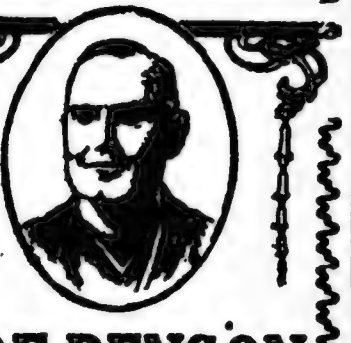

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6 DIFFERENT LISTS.

No. 1. All the 7 Leagues.
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No. 4. Half Time.
No. 5. Half Time.
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10 to 1 6 teams.

Winnings Guaranteed by Return Post.

Write Selections on Plain Paper and post before kick-off, and

YOU ARE ON.

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DOUBLE STRENGTH

STOPS COUGHS ENDS BAD COLDS

Grandma's Remedy for 50 Years and Still the Best.

Fifty years ago Grandma used this splendid preparation, and to-day, as yesterday, it is relieving the sufferings of thousands of little ones as well as grown-ups. Time has proved that there is no more efficacious remedy for coughs, colds, catarrh, hay fever and bronchial troubles.

When you take Parmint (Double Strength) a special ingredient that it contains causes it to cling to your throat when you swallow, and there it spreads itself in a soothing, healing film, over the sore, inflamed membranes and brings instant relief. The phlegm loosens, and the dry irritated throat is soothed and relieved by a single dose. Try it. Ask your chemist for Parmint (Double Strength) as this is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case.

WHY ARE GIRLS ANÆMIC?

A Serious Question Answered.

How is it that anæmia is so common among girls? One reason is that girls often lead sedentary lives. They work or live in ill-ventilated rooms, and do not get enough outdoor exercise. Their appetite becomes fickle; they grow languid, listless, complain of headaches and become pale and depressed.

To a certain extent, girls are handicapped by Nature, but there is really no reason why they should become anæmic. Do not wait until your daughter is really ill, but at the first sign of anæmia, take steps to enrich her blood. There is no better blood enricher than Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills have transformed thousands of pale, anæmic girls into strong, robust women. Almost from the first some improvement will be noticed. The appetite will soon pick up, the spirits brighten, and colour will return to the cheeks.

So if your daughter is anæmic, let Dr. Williams' pink pills help her to health. Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. per box: nothing else is just as good.

FREE.—Every girl and woman should read the booklet, "Nature's Warnings." Sent free to all who write to F.B. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1

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All on Briar.

Mad. E Herriott, Old Gold, Caroline Testout, K of K., Gen. McArthur, Lady Hillingdon, Frau K. Druschki, Mrs. Geo. Sawyer, Cheerful, Ophelia, Laurent Carl, Madame Ravary. The above 12 Roses, 3/-.
6 Lovely Rambler Roses, Pink, Scarlet White, Yellow, Blush, Crimson, 3/-; 3 for 2/9. Standard Roses, 3s.! Tall Weeping Roses, 3/6. 15 Carnations, 1/3. Standard Apples, Pears, Plums, 3/6. 12 Flowering Shrubs, 3/-. Climbing Col. 2/6.

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Our Letter Parliament

What Mothers Should Tell

Our Readers Air their Views on this and Other Subjects

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Sweet Seventeen.

Certainly there is need for mothers to tell their daughters of the dangers of life. The article by the Hospital Superintendent, "The Girl Who Didn't Know," emphasises this if nothing else does. All mothers should tell their daughters the moment the girls attain the age of seventeen—not before. It is necessary to their knowledge and to their purity.—*Mrs. Lee, London.*

Dangers of Life.

Your article should impress every parent, making them realise the necessity for telling their children of the dangers of life. Having spent some time nursing in a London venereal ward, I feel confident if mothers had any idea of the terrible condition of these poor girls, they would want to cry out to warn every child. Your article will be read by thousands who know little or nothing of the awful disease, and I think it a splendid way of bringing the subject before people who have little, if any, opportunity of gaining such knowledge.—*Worker, Holyhead.*

Ignorance of Mothers.

How many read your article and felt as I did—that if only girls and boys knew what risks they take, there would be no such thing as venereal disease. How many mothers know themselves? My own mother was perfectly ignorant. When one day an opportunity arose and I told her some of the happenings of the present day, she was horrified! My own daughters when old enough to understand shall have told to them what every girl should know.—*Catherine, Swindon.*

The Next Generation.

Is it not high time that the facts relative to venereal diseases were made more generally known? Outside the medical profession—with the exception of ex-Service men and a few others—the masses are appallingly ignorant on the subject. Why not issue booklets to senior pupils quitting school, emphasising the dangers attendant on promiscuous intercourse? If a perusal of such should inculcate a healthy fear of consequences the reader, and the next generation, would be joint gainers.—*D. M., Inverness.*

School Tuition.

Your article offers a world of suggestion to the authorities who have charge of our educational and health departments. Not only ought girls to be told by their parents, but schools should have courses which place the whole details of sex functioning and venereal disease before the young. Furthermore, to help those of maturer years, these should be supplemented by public lectures upheld by the State. It is lamentable that in these days of the twentieth century so much of the happiness accruing from full knowledge and right living is left to chance.—*A. McLeish, Carnoustie.*

Fear of Consequences.

Girls and boys should not be told at an immature age of the secrets of sex, but should be left to assimilate facts by the self-search after knowledge urged on by natural instinct. You will never make people good by instilling into them the dread of consequences, but you will succeed by a wide educational system which gives the ability to distinguish between right and wrong in every phase of life. The right attitude, therefore, is for sex discussion to be taboo in the home and general sound living to be aimed at.—*James Godfrey, Widnes.*

Who was to Blame?

Your article states that the girl was about 25 years of age. Surely she could not blame her mother for *her* ignorance of the world. At that age a girl should have acquired sufficient knowledge to keep her out of harm. But I do agree that daughters should be told. Present-day life is too full of traps to let girls go wandering along finding out the dangers for themselves. They should be taught before they reach their majority.—*U. I.*

The Monkeys' Parade.

In most districts there is a certain thoroughfare known as the "monkeys' parade" where immature girls and youths perambulate and congregate, to the annoyance of older citizens. These "parades" are especially popular on Sunday evenings, when vulgar banter and chaff are loudly and freely exchanged. The obstruction caused is of minor importance, but, in addition, it is highly probable that undesirable acquaintances are picked up in this manner. Here is clearly a need for some friendly counsel and advice, which might be imparted by social workers.—*W. B., Highbury.*

Tempting Shopgirls.

As a shopgirl with wide experience of all classes of shops, I would like to protest against the too ready assumption that girls in this calling are worse than those of any other. What trouble there is with us is due entirely to the presence of low-paid girls, who are strangers in the great cities in many cases, and therefore fall easy prey to the unscrupulous men who always hang around to offer such girls a "good time." The prevailing belief that shopgirls are worse than their sisters causes these human spiders to hang around ready to pounce on suitable prey, and unfortunately only too many lonely girls are caught with the bait of a theatre and a dinner.—*P. C., London.*

Birth Control for All.

Most people will agree with Dr. Stopes that properly organised teaching of the hygiene of sex is quite as important a study as the hygiene of nutrition. If the statement is true, that no decent treatise existed, even for medical students, until her own books were published, it demonstrates that it was certainly time for someone to take the initiative and educate the people on this vital question. It is deplorable that medical men withhold such instruction.—*J. F. G., Sheffield.*

Wanderlust.

Is home-making a lost art? It would seem so from my recent experience whilst visiting. Out of a family—varying ages 18-28—not one of them finds the home attractive. All have embarked on careers which take them out of the "stifling" home atmosphere. The parents deplore this state of things, but seem powerless to alter it. Is lack of sympathy at the root of the matter?—*B. M. B., Bexley Heath.*

Votes for Girls?

It would be interesting to know the views of your readers on the enfranchisement of women under thirty. The State demands of these women their contribution to its revenue in the form of rates and taxes; it also considers them capable of fulfilling the duties of motherhood. Surely then they have the right to a voice in the government of the country? In the recent election, numbers of these women—themselves voteless—laboured strenuously on behalf of Parliamentary candidates.—*Under Thirty, London.*

Cozening Companies.

The thrifty folk fully appreciate your exposure of bogus companies. Our British business reputation is not advanced by the fact that a company promoter is not subjected to the production of a certificate of good character, whereas a licensed victualler is. Any rogue can run a company ramp with the full protection of the law to support him. It allows him to retire with the spoil, cleverly doctored, through the back doors of easy and repeated bankruptcies. Why should rogues be allowed so easily to fleece even the foolish under the protection of the law?—*Rev. A. Mackenzie, B.D.*

Civil Service Axe.

Mr. Gardiner's article on our national finance is excellent, and I heartily endorse his remarks on civil servants, who have been far too long grossly misrepresented. Anyone who is conversant with conditions in the Civil Service will second my statement that some of the junior sections are sadly underpaid, and that the Treasury is ever seeking to try and cut down their already meagre wages. So if economies are to be made let the axe be wielded at the salaries of heads of departments and *not* at the juniors who compose "the best Civil Service in the world."—"*Wife of One.*"

Will It Rain Blue Ruin?

If the arrival of the Labour Party means that the middle-class man has not only to pay for his own house, but also part of another's, has to keep his own family, and help to keep another family as well, blue ruin though delayed is inevitable. If the fall in prices of good securities since 1914 is due to the Government having "Capital Levied," what is the rise in other good securities during the same period due to?—Norman Angell takes too much for granted in his article.—*J. McC., London.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"SOUTH WALES ECHO" (serial):—"Eunice cast her LIPS over her long, smooth, light-blue EYES."

"TAVISTOCK PARISH MAGAZINE":—"We are very glad to learn that their building debt is being GRADUALLY but RAPIDLY paid off."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO" (advert.):—"Lodging for YOUNG LADY, GENT.; board optional; moderate."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING ARGUS":—"An elderly Otley woman complained to the Otley Bench, WHO LIVED WITH HER."

"STRAND MAGAZINE":—"He took up his EMPTY GLASS with a shaking hand, and DRANK A LONG DRINK OUT OF IT."

"WESTMINSTER GAZETTE":—"The PRODUCTION, which is in charge of Reginald Bach, WILL PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART in the piece."

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"These Cloths are found to be composed entirely of solid worsted. The shades have been subjected to the 'Fadeometer Test' for 25 hours (equal to 5 days of June sunlight)."
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(The Famous 4-in-1 Model)

In either Blue or Fawn Shade for **32/6** Carriage Paid.

A COMBINED OVERCOAT & STORMCOAT, stylishly cut and finished, which has stood the test of time in the most inclement weather.

DO NOT CONFUSE THIS COAT WITH LOWER PRICED COATS NOW OFFERED ON THE MARKET.

£500 GUARANTEE

WE will forfeit the sum of £500 if our 32/6 Trench Coat is not identical in quality with many coats which have been selling at 50/- Fawn, and 45/- Blue, and even higher prices. Our price to-day in BLUE or FAWN is 32/6 only.

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The coat is actually sent on approval. If you do not consider it the very greatest bargain you have ever seen, return it to us at once, and we will refund not only your cash in full, but also the postage incurred by your returning it. We are the only firm making this offer. The Special Interlining renders it Stormproof. A smart check lining gives an attractive and dressy finish to it. Its detachable wool lining is removed in a few seconds, making it ideal wear both in cold and warm weather. The excellent gabardine shell is of sterling and reliable quality.

Post us your remittance for 32/6, giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

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(Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.)

£30,000 Hospitals Competition.
CLOSING IN MARCH.

Spend £100 in a day

and still have £5,900 left!

What a gorgeous time you could have! A hundred pounds would give "a crowded *day* of glorious life." You could start for the shops in the most luxurious car hireable, buy the pretty frocks, silk stockings, books and luxuries you've longed for for years; lunch at the Ritz, dine at the Savoy, see the best play in town from a box, motor home and go to bed secure in the knowledge that you haven't *really* been extravagant at all. *You would still have £5,900 left.*

All this might easily be *your* day, *your* money, *your* happiness. It costs but half-a-crown to try for it. Just one little coin—2/6. You'll never miss it. Send it in to-day.

Help the Hospitals

Your money goes to help the Hospitals. Look at the long prize list. Send 2/6 for a half-ticket or 5/- for a whole ticket to your local Hospital. Tickets also obtainable from shops advertising the "Tickets Here" poster, or use coupon below and give fortune a chance to come your way.

PRIZE LIST

£30,000
prize money has been given by Bovril Limited to help the Hospitals.

1st Prize
£12,000
or two half-prizes of
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And over 2,000 other cash Prizes, bringing the grand total to £30,000.

Have a try TO-DAY.

To THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION
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I enclose £ : :

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Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to the British Charities Association and crossed "& Co."

J.B.7.

"When we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally, without risk of injury to cell-tissue, we shall have conquered infectious disease."—LORD LISTER.

Measles

Whooping Cough and Diphtheria

IN practically every instance these diseases would be prevented from developing, or from lasting more than a few hours, if 'Yadil' were given at the first sign of anything being wrong.

WHEN your children appear listless and out of sorts, when their appetite fails or becomes capricious, when they lose interest in their play, then don't hesitate—begin at once to give them a teaspoonful of 'Yadil' Antiseptic, in the juice of an orange, every hour. Why wait and see whether the trouble is measles, scarlet fever, influenza, or what not? There is not much to be gained by letting the disease get a strong grip upon your child, when a few doses of 'Yadil' will nip the trouble in the bud. Again, pain in the throat may be the beginning of diphtheria, or tonsilitis, or merely some slight inflammation. Don't wait to make sure which it is. As soon as your child complains, make a mixture of three tablespoonsful of pure honey (bought from your chemist, if possible) and one tablespoonful of 'Yadil.' Give a teaspoonful of this mixture every quarter of an hour for two or three hours, and then once an hour. Treated thus, throat trouble of any kind will seldom last more than one day. Your child will have been saved from diphtheria, tonsilitis, or throat ulceration.

ISN'T this a more sensible proceeding, as well as a less costly one, than letting your child get thoroughly well infected and probably having him sent to an isolation hospital for several weeks? All children in the home or school other than those attacked should be given 'Yadil' as a preventive. If all parents adopted these precautions, we should hear no more of thousands of cases of measles requiring admission to overflowing hospitals.

IT is your children's right to be protected from infection, and your duty to protect them. 'Yadil' Antiseptic gives you the power to do it. But don't delay till trouble actually appears in your family. Get a bottle of 'Yadil' at once, *to-day*, and be prepared. You may need it for yourself, as well, to ward off influenza, pneumonia, colds or other trouble. Get also from your chemist (or direct) a copy of THE YADIL BOOK, which gives you full information on how to deal with diseases affecting children and grown-ups. It costs only half-a-crown, and will save you pounds in cash, as well as many days or weeks of anxiety.

Alex Clement

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC

'Yadil' Antiseptic is prepared by

Clement & Johnson Limited Research Medical Chemists 19 Sicilian Avenue London W.C.1

Liquid	2 oz. 2/9	6 oz. 4/9	Pint 12/-	Quart 22/6	
Pills	50 2/9	150 4/9	500 12/-	1,000 22/6	
Ointment	1 oz. 1/9	4 oz. 5/-	Pastilles (for the Voice,) per tin 1/-		
Lubricant (for Chapped Hands) 2 oz. 1/6. Powder (for the Toilet) per tin 1/6.					

Of all Chemists and other Stores, or sent direct, post free, on receipt of remittance.
For abroad, add 3/- for extra postage and packing.

The word 'Yadil' is registered.

W.B.P

Pronounce it YAH — DIL

Now we know why men have their photographs taken thus—

AFTER a VINOLIA shave a man has that feeling of well-groomed comfort which means self-confidence and readiness to face anything—even the camera.

Vinolia Shaving Soap makes shaving not only easy, but a real joy. It is so pure that it produces a thick creamy lather which assures a perfect shave and a soft, soothed skin.

In aluminium case - 1/3
Refills - - - 1/-
Wedgwood Stick - 1/-
Premier Stick - 7½d.

—they look their best when feeling the pleasing smoothness of a chin shaved with Vinolia

Vinolia
SHAVING STICK
Makes the razor glide

Vinolia Co. Ltd., London R.V.668a-34

Makes Cycling Easy

Send for Descriptive Booklet.

STURMEY ARCHER SPEED 3 GEAR

Sturmey-Archer Gears Limited, Nottingham.

GRAMOPHONES

Best value in the World.

Hornless model with polished Oak Cabinet (16½ x 14 x 7½ in) Powerful Silent Motor. Worm Drive, finest quality Sound Box Price £3 : 10 : 0

Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, balance 11 monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Money back in full if in any way disappointed

DATA' COBE of new Models (Horn and Hornless) Post Free.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

GRAVES

BIKE BARGAINS

From £3-5-0 cash

I offer you the pick of COVENTRY'S BEST CYCLES, on 14 days approval. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. First instalment secures immediate delivery. Satisfaction or Money Refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Write for FREE BARGAIN LISTS NOW

Thos. Brien

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER

DEPT 27 COVENTRY.

Clarnico

CHOCOLATE
LILY BRAZILS

Motoring for the Million.

Blood-stained Roads

by MOTOMAC

A TREMENDOUS fuss is being made about the increase in the number of accidents in our City streets. It is essentially necessary to keep one's head about such things or we will be up against some very unnecessary and futile restrictive legislation.

One London judge has declared that nothing will stop them until a few of the motorists have been hanged. A South London coroner in summing up an accident declared that "the pedestrian did not leave the motorist a chance."

When judicial minds see errors on both sides there is probably a common factor for which both are responsible. The trouble with London is nothing more than that of congested traffic.

Our street accidents usually occur at busy spots, where fast driving is impossible. Accidents would have increased under any form of traction, probably even more in proportion if we went back entirely to horse-driven vehicles.

We should not be too ready to condemn the motor. We require first of all more road sense in pedestrians.

Any driver will tell you that a hundred times a day he has to do unnecessary things on account of the careless ways of people afoot. Of course they have the first claim on the road, and some of them seem to insist too much on that right.

DRIVING tests are being suggested as a preliminary to obtaining a licence, but in most of the London accidents you will find a commercial van or a taxi mixed up in them somewhere. Yet taxi-men have to pass a very severe driving test.

Traffic regulations in force in New York or Chicago are to be applied to London, but none of the people who make the suggestion claim that over the pond accidents are fewer.

Don't let us be stampeded into anything that will add to our troubles, but do, amongst ourselves as motorists, encourage Caution and yet more Caution.

When motorists double their precautions, pedestrians will *probably* respond.

There are some offences in driving which should be punished much more severely than at present, and there are some pedestrians who should be summoned for "obstructing to the common danger."

I HAVE often been somewhat sorry for the motor-cyclist. He gets so dirty in the winter in spite of his special clothing, and so hot in summer because of it that I think he will welcome the extra protection which the "Ner-a-Car" offers without robbing him of any of the delights which only the solo can provide. For size, speed, economy in running, first cost tyres it is in every way a cycle, but the wide dome mudguards and special covering of all running parts make for much greater cleanliness and comfort when in use.

In these days when so many of the fair sex are trying their hand at motor-cycling, it should make a special appeal to them. Men don't mind getting dirty quite so much, but even they prefer to land tidy if they use the cycle for work or tennis or golf.

Manufactured by the Sheffield Simplex Co., of Kingston, whose products have always been high-class, it can be obtained on the deferred payment system.

***

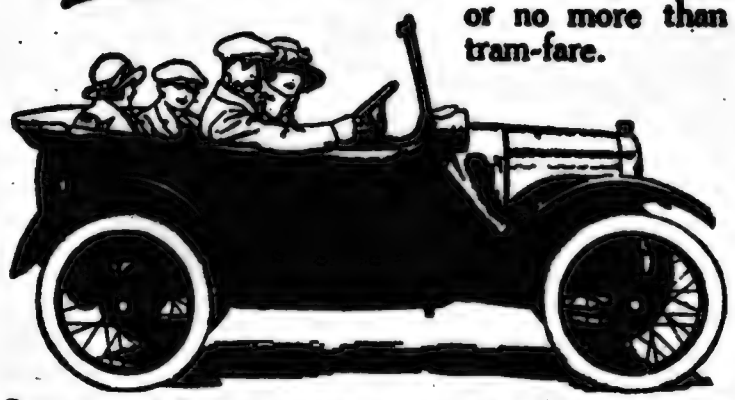
For further particulars of cars and accessories, whether mentioned in this column or not, send a postcard to Motomac at this office.

Motoring at Tram-fare

The Austin Seven

Gives car comfort and protection at the price of a combination.

Running cost is under 1d. per mile or no more than tram-fare.



Seats two adults with children; has electric lighting and horn and complete all-weather equipment, spare wheel and tyre. The 4-cylinder engine is watercooled, three speeds are provided and brakes fitted on all wheels. Chassis lubrication is by grease gun. Electrical starter.

Ask for "Motoring at Tram-fare," depicting the car for shopping, business use, and week-end jaunts with the children.

PRICE £165

THE AUSTIN MOTOR Co., Ltd., Longbridge, BIRMINGHAM.

LONDON: 479-483, Oxford Street, W.1 (*near Marble Arch*).

No. 1a.

The Story of Coal.

The Foundation of the British Empire.

Two hundred years ago Great Britain was an agricultural State supporting only about six million people.

To-day it is the greatest manufacturing and trading State in the Old World, with a population of forty-three millions.

That change has been wrought by the enterprise and energy of the private individuals who make up the Nation and by the development of abundant resources of fuel so situated that they could easily be mined and moved.

In other words, by Private Enterprise and cheap coal.

Existence in our climate without plentiful supplies of cheap coal would be unendurable.

Gas and Electricity are both produced from coal.

Everything we wear and use depends for its manufacture upon coal and for its cheapness upon the price of coal.

The supremacy of our shipping was built and rests upon cheap coal of good quality.

Four-fifths of the food we eat comes from abroad. It is paid for by the export of goods manufactured in our Country—which manufactures depend upon coal—and of coal itself.

On sixty-four days in 1922 the whole of the food we imported was paid for by exported coal.

To coal more than to any other material factor we owed our ability to withstand the strain of the War, to support the weight of our alliances, and finally to emerge victorious.

There is at present no satisfactory substitute for coal, nor are there any substitutes for the energetic management and persistent optimism of private enterprise. Destroy Private Enterprise, make cheap coal impossible, and the British Empire falls; British trade, commerce and industry dwindle; and the population of Britain drops to a third of its present numbers as a result of emigration and starvation.

If you are interested in "The Story of Coal," cut this advertisement out and file it. It will be followed by others telling other parts of the Story. Look out for them. They are being issued on behalf of the Colliery Owners of Great Britain by PHILIP GEE, 40, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, *from whom further information about the Coal Mining Industry can be obtained.*

'NERVES' DISCOVERY

By AFRICAN EXPLORERS.

Makes WEAK Nerves STRONG
Restores Self-Confidence and Power.

Thanks to explorers in Africa, a true strengthening agent for the nerves has been discovered. The natives chew the nut of a certain tree and are enabled to carry heavy loads for long distances under the energy-sapping Tropical heat, and with little or no other food.

This natural super-food is now being made up in tablet form, and eminent medical men describe "Kola-dultz"—to give its scientific name—as being a most valuable true strengthening food for the nerves and brain.

6,000 Free Trial Boxes and 32-Page Booklet FREE

To enable readers to try and judge for themselves the remarkable nerve and brain strengthening properties of "Kola-dultz," 6,000 Trial Boxes are to be distributed *gratis and post free*, together with a 32-page booklet, containing the full story of "Kola-dultz" with reports by medical authorities of the highest standing, as also users' letters.

"NERVES" SYMPTOMS.—"Kola-dultz" is proving a boon and a blessing indeed to those whose nerves have been over-taxed by the strain of modern life. Absolutely harmless, "Kola-dultz" quickly relieves such symptoms as: Nervousness—"Up" and "Down" Spirits—Nervous Depression—Worry—Fears—Lack of Self Confidence—Sensitiveness—Irritability—Inability to Concentrate the Mind—Weak or Failing Memory—Nervous Headaches—Worried Appearance—Tremblings—Lack of Energy—Diminished Powers of Endurance—Desire for Seclusion, Etc.

Readers who desire to get the better of "The Curse of Modern Civilisation"—"Nerves"—will be delighted and amazed at the remarkable way in which this most welcome and valuable African discovery so quickly builds up new nervous energy and power, bright spirits and hopefulness, and a keen and eager interest in life and all its duties and pleasures.

Evidence of the value of "Kola-dultz" is seen in the fact that all who try it continue to take this remarkable "Food for the Nerves" because it keeps them fit and well, bright in spirits, better workers and altogether happier and more successful in every way.

Send only a postcard or letter with your name and address, and you will receive a Free Trial Box of "Kola-dultz," also a copy of "The Story of Kola-dultz," both gratis and post free by return of post. Address: John Harris, Kola-dultz M, 20, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

Tatcho-tone for Grey Hair.

25th ANNIVERSARY.

If you send in two empty cartons during this month you will receive free of all cost, post free even, the wonderful Geo. R. Sims Tatcho Hair Health Brush. Without cartons the Brush may be obtained of all Chemists and Stores.

Price 5s. 6d.

TATCHO CO., 5a, St. Queen St., London, W.C.2.

JUNO BABY CARS

Give Baby Comfort

FROM 1/10 WEEKLY

Cash, £2 19s. 6d. Secure a magnificent British-made "JUNO," sent carriage paid on approval. Guaranteed by our 46 years' reputation. Money returned if dissatisfied. Write for FREE LISTS NOW! (Dept. D3), Metropolitan Machinists Co., Ltd., 168 & 248, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Advice Bureau. See page 21.

G. H. (Harlesden).—"I never seem to come out on top." Cheer up. You're on the top of this column, anyhow.

P. H. K. (Highgate).—"How can I keep the blight from my young fruit trees." Watch and spray.

L. P. A. (Worcester).—"I could write pages about the milk question." We're afraid we'd have to condense it.

L. J. (Homerton).—"What is music?" Most householders will agree that it is the opposite of the sounds from opposite.

D. G. (Leeds).—"I have invented an engine which creates 2,400 revolutions a minute." Mexico will have to look to its laurels.

E. T. (Bridgnorth).—"During the last eight years I have taught 962 school-children to play the violin." Have you no sense of shame?

P. W. (Glasgow).—"A penny is too much for a morning paper." What you want, we suppose, is a half-penny paper with a ham-sandwich supplement.

S. M. (Ingatestone).—"In my opinion our heavy-weight boxers hate each other too much." Not a bit of it—why, they simply hug each other when they meet.

H. M. (Enfield).—"It will soon be possible for a poet to submit his verses to an editor by wireless." Good heavens! we hadn't thought of that!

J. S. (Bungay).—"I do not believe my coalman gives me twenty cwts. in the ton." Take Mr. Asquith's advice:—"Weigh't and see!"

P. B. (Westcombe Park).—"There are times when the half is greater than the whole." Yes. Aff-Ability often counts for more than ability.

B. B. (Coventry).—"It comes to this, readers of the *Daily Mail* do not use their heads." Excepting, of course, to take their hats off!

W. G. (Dewsbury).—"In every town and village a public bath is a necessity." Personally, we prefer to take ours privately.

S. R. E. (Maida Vale).—"I'm very dissatisfied with my present job." And a lot of people will think you darn lucky to have a job to be dissatisfied with.

M. T. (Reading).—"Already it is clear that the Labour Government is not likely to drive capital out of the country." Sure! We're banking on that.

A. F. (Chingford).—"Would more public football grounds in the midst of Epping Forest be popular." Not a bit—the referees would be able to reach cover too quickly.

V. A. C. (Maidstone).—"Is there really a shortage of coal in the country?" Personally, we have enough to last twelve months or more, provided we have no fires.

F. L. (Selsey).—"Personally, I never could see much in revues." Perhaps you've been sitting too far back.

L. O. P. (London, S.E.).—"My husband swore and kicked the cat." He must have foot-and-mouth disease.

M. S. (Purley).—"What is your opinion of girls and cocktails?" They should be shaken.

T. B. C. (Coleford).—"You cannot judge the standing of a firm of manufacturers by the palatial offices." No, sir! it's by their "works" you shall know them.

G. R. (Sheffield).—"At most times our politicians are over the heads of the common man." Whereas we all prefer them on the level.

D. L. (Kingston).—"I have sworn to get even with my fiancé." By which we take it, you mean you are going to' marry him?

S. S. (Fulham).—"It's disgraceful that that man Morel should get the Nobel Peace prize." Perhaps you think it should be awarded to the inventor of mustard gas?

B. C. (Ascot).—"Single women can't find husbands nowadays." For the matter of that neither can a good many married ones.

P. R. N. (Notts).—"The girls of to-day are making great strides." That is more than they could do when they wore hobble skirts.

J. K. (Tooting).—"Girls should never speak to a strange man on a 'bus." They should certainly tell the conductor if they want to "get off."

M. P. (Kennington).—"Things are so bad in the profession that many quite well-known comedians are working 'Clubs.'" Which is precisely where many of them did their spade work.

F. T. (West Hartlepool).—"A little boycotting would soon make these unscrupulous change their tune." Meanwhile the public would, as usual, pay the piper.

R. L. (Ipswich).—"Memory is a curious thing. In my case I can remember names but not numbers." Here, my dear Watson, is the ideal telephone exchange operator.

T. T. (Beacontree).—"A few lines to thank you for drawing attention to the exhuberant charges of the profiteers." Your spelling's like their charges—ought to be reduced.

L. L. (Haversham).—"My wife is not a very good cook." Tough luck!

H. P. (Glasgow).—"Taxis are not worth riding in." A growler would suit you better.

P. J. (Nottingham).—"Spring is coming." There was a rumour to that effect about this time last year.

S. H. (Clacton).—"We should all be satisfied with our lot." Yes; if it *is* a lot.

D. L. J. (Kensington).—"The Pussy-foots seem determined to hinder the sale of drink in theatres." But we doubt if they will ever stop the boos in the gallery.

K. S. (Herne Bay).—"Our national affairs are in a hopeless tangle." If they are looked at from the right angle we'll wangle out of the tangle somehow.

P. J. U. (Leeds).—"My wife works wonders with the housekeeping money." She probably knows how to make ends meat.

S. P. (Hampstead).—"In some theatres the voices of the players on the stage are inaudible in the gallery." But, of course, a gallery seat also has its disadvantages.

S. W. (Mile End).—"I am not ashamed of going to the hospital for treatment." Having put your pride in your pocket, you are, no doubt, proud to put your hand in afterwards.

C. J. H. (Norfolk).—"The tea they gave me in the refreshment room was so weak that I left it standing, and walked out." Glad it was strong enough to stand by itself, anyhow.

M. D. (Whitehall).—"The Admiralty is busy transforming clerks into secretaries." The Treasury, probably, will reduce their salaries to balance the promotion.

C. W. (Mauldeth).—"This letter is written by a man who has travelled in most countries." Now we understand why you show such lamentable ignorance of your own.

H. F. (Manchester).—"Every week I am lost in admiration of the 'amour propre' shown throughout your paper." Gummy! What a sentence! as Stalky remarked to Beetle.

F. G. A. (Exeter).—"I'm never likely to be a millionaire." Never mind—you can become a Thousandaire in *Bullets* this week.

ANXIOUS (London, W.).—"I am getting fat and have no hobby." Why not take up Girth Control?

L. D. (Plumstead).—"I am making a chicken run in my spare time." That's good exercise for both of you.

E. P. (Highbury).—"My laundry takes a week to wash a collar." Ours is always in a tearing hurry.

W. W. (Windsor).—"Motor-cars are now made which can move sideways." Will there be taxi-crabs, too?

F. F. (Farnborough).—"I have written a poem about Wembley." We don't suppose even *that* will mar the success of the Exhibition.

J. P. (Clerkenwell).—"Saxophones are very sensitive." They may be; but they have no regard for the feelings of others.

P. A. (Crowborough).—"I take my courage in both hands." How do you press the syphon, then? With your chin?

L. P. (Chester).—"My husband quarrels with me even though I give him no reason." He is evidently a self-starter.

A. P. N. (Hammersmith).—"Dance and keep young." Many matrons dance, but according to the birth statistics, not enough of them keep young.

SUSAN S. (Dorking).—"I have never appeared in print." Not even in the morning? We suppose you wear your silk jumper all day.

L. L. (Dalston).—"Uncle Sam suggests that we should wipe out part of our debt by letting the U.S. have a portion of the West Indies." What Jamaica that?

H. H. (Victoria).—"Mr. Henderson is known to his colleagues as 'Uncle Arthur.'" We trust he won't start broadcasting fairy tales.

W. W. (Accrington).—"I thought I would just drop you a line." One! It looks to us as if you've been throwing a whole junction about.

"FRANK" (Ripon).—"You will see that I believe in calling a spade a spade." We observe also that you use it as a rake—for other people's affairs.

L. P. (Chenies).—"Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's programme is not exactly a hair-raising one." No. The Premier is sticking to bald facts.

G. F. S. (Eccles).—"I could say a great deal on the question of open spaces." Fortunately our space is not open to you.

R. K. D. (Ipswich).—"It must not be forgotten that there are many minds in the country." But the trouble is that there are so darned *few* ideas!

M. T. (Manchester).—"As a result of the boom in pictures provincial drama has been frozen out." Which probably explains why so often it is a frost!

W. K. (Finsbury Park).—"Much ink has been spilled over the new Government." There now! They'll look blacker than ever to some folk!

W. F. A. (Farnborough).—"I daresay you get a good many ideas from your readers." We certainly get a few wrinkles through reading some of their letters.

K. A. (Stockbridge).—"How can we put the world straight?" By each of us putting our own selves straight. The world will then have to follow suit.

D. D. (Newport).—"It can at least be said for the Labour Members of Parliament that they are a level-headed lot." Then let's hope they'll give us a square deal.

A. C. W. (E.C.).—"Notwithstanding all the newspaper talk about Poplar, their municipal electricity undertaking has shown a very considerable profit." Good! Glad they have something on the "current" account.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

LORD BEAVERBROOK:—One of the most interesting things in politics is the sudden rise and fall of personal reputations.

Lord Rothermere will agree with you!

* * *

BEN TILLETT:—There is no likelihood of the strike ceasing for weeks to come.

You're a poor prophet. Let it go at that.

* * *

EDGAR LANSBURY:—England will be Poplarised.

Maybe. But it will never be Lansburyised, which is what you really mean.

* * *

RAMSAY MACDONALD:—They have failed. We are going to succeed.

Then you'll have to drop timidity: trust the nation, and propose big things.

LORD DEVONPORT:—I don't want to be bothered about the strike.

Doubtless! People who are found out always want secrecy.

* * *

ADMIRAL SUETER:—If we are going to be defended in this Empire by Sermons on the Mount, God help us!

It is minds like yours that let us drift into the War. The effect of a definite peace policy might surprise even you.

* * *

M. POINCARE:—We are on the eve of events that may be decisive.

But for your obstinacy we should now be in the dawn of reconstruction.

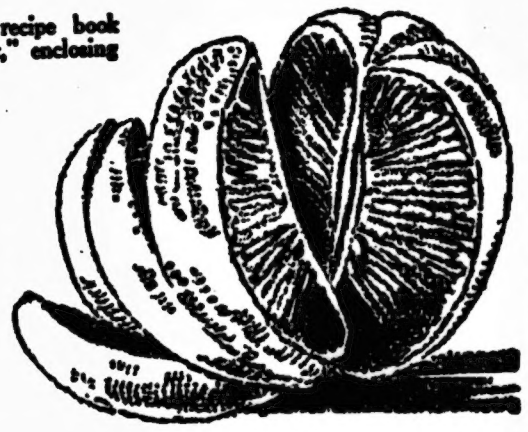
Everybody Knows- ORANGES ward off 'FLU

The Juice of Oranges carries into your blood the most powerful enemies of Influenza germs. The more Oranges you eat the richer will your blood be in power to resist infection. Eat Oranges also for their richness in vitamins. Let the youngsters have plenty.

Give oranges and other fruits a real chance to do you good—don't let a day pass without eating some, and at the end of a month you will be enthusiastic about the improvement in your health.

Eat More Fruit and Keep Fit

Send for interesting fruit recipe book "99 ways of enjoying fruit," enclosing 1d. stamp for postage.



Issued by The Fruit Trades Federations. Advertisement Department, 10-13, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4.

RYDERS GARDEN BOOK for ½D.

£1,100 offered in CASH PRIZES

THIS is Ryders New Seed Catalogue of 136 pages, and is the most interesting they have produced. It contains four coloured plates, after paintings by the most famous of all flower artists, Miss Winifred Walker. There are also seventy-five illustrations, in black and white, of Ryders Novelties in Flowers and Vegetables. The New White Sweet Pea, "Joan Ryder," is the finest of all Whites, and is indispensable to all who exhibit. The Cash Prizes of £1,100 for Flowers and Vegetables raised from Ryders Seeds are of great interest. The Competition is so simply arranged that everyone even with the smallest garden can compete.

The Dancing Fairy Flowers (Columbines).

The Dancing Fairy Flowers (Aquilegias) are illustrated by a charming reproduction of a photograph, and a delightful little poem by Miss Rose Fyleman, the celebrated writer of fairy poems.

Ryders customers who already have the catalogue are earnestly requested to order at once. The demand is so great that some of the Novelties may soon be sold out. Everyone who has a garden should see this Catalogue.

Those who wish to have a copy of this Catalogue are requested to fill in the Coupon at the foot of this announcement. Fill in the Coupon with your name and address, place it in an envelope, tuck in the flap—do not fasten it down—address the envelope to Ryders, St. Albans, place a ½d. stamp on the envelope, and post it at once. You will receive the Catalogue post free by return. Please write clearly, preferably in block letters.

This advertisement may not be repeated as the supply of Catalogues is rapidly becoming exhausted. All who write at once are practically certain, however, to obtain their copy.

RYDER & SON (1920) LTD., Seed Merchants, ST. ALBANS.

PLEASE SEND 1924 GARDEN BOOK POST FREE TO

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

No other enclosure must be placed in the envelope, and nothing written on this coupon but your name and address. *John Bull*

In the same way that

NESTLÉ'S MILK

is the best sweetened condensed milk in the world

so is

IDEAL MILK

Packed by Nestlé's

the finest unsweetened milk.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES—THEY NEVER SATISFY

Don't get run down- take OXO

HIGH VALUE
-LOW PRICE

The Famous SARTOR

20/-

CARRIAGE PAID in the BRITISH ISLES.

High Value, Low Price is what the SARTOR RAINCOAT (famous throughout the world) stands for.

Each model is perfectly tailored by experts from fully proofed Gabardine with warm cosy check lining. SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS. Just your name and address on a postcard and we will send a full range of FREE PATTERNS, Style Book (Ladies', Gent's, Maids' and Youths') and an accurate self-measurement form.

SEND NO MONEY. First of all examine the Patterns carefully and judge the value offered. Our Guarantee still holds good. We guarantee every SARTOR. If you are not satisfied we refund the money.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. J 53, Oxford Rd., M'chester

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED IN FULL.

IS YOUR NAME SMITH?

Or does it matter whether it's Jones or Brown?

SYDNEY SMITH, the famous wit and reformer of the last century, lived for fifty years in comparative poverty, and he knew well what he was talking about when he spoke of charity.

For twenty years at Foston, in Yorkshire, he was "village parson, village doctor, and village comforter," and there he became as renowned for his great-heartedness and generosity as for his wit and wisdom.

If every man named Smith showed the same sympathy with the sufferings of the poor as this great and good philosopher the world would be made a happier place to live in.

Week by week, we are endeavouring to alleviate the misery of the poor, and bring brightness and comfort into homes darkened by want and sorrow, but we find our work hampered by lack of the necessary funds.

Here is an example of the way in which we tried to play the part of the Good Samaritan last week:

A long period of unemployment and distress had resulted in an estrangement between an ex-Service man and his wife. The home that was once so happy had been broken up. The man was living in common lodging-houses, and the wife was pent up in a single room with her children.

As sometimes happens when the cup of sorrow overflows with tears, a bereavement brings about a reconciliation. A child died, and the man and his wife came together and pledged their love anew over the little one's dead body.

A home was needed in which they could weave together again the broken threads of happiness, but their poverty was such that they were almost in despair.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund came to the rescue.

FITS CAN BE CURED.

Permanent Recovery Possible.

GREAT FREE OFFER.

There is no infirmity so distressing, either to the sufferer or to those around him, as epilepsy and those kindred nervous complaints which recurring more violently and unexpectedly at shortening intervals, render the life of the sufferer one round of misery.

IT HAS LONG BEEN SUPPOSED THAT FITS WERE NOT CURABLE, AND MANY AN UNFORTUNATE SUFFERER HAS SPENT LARGE SUMS IN SEARCH OF THE ALLEVIATION THAT ORDINARY REMEDIES, HOWEVER EXPENSIVELY PRICED, CAN NEVER BRING.

It was left for Dr. S. B. Niblett to at last discover the remedy that would not only bring alleviation, but, by building up the patient's vital forces, finally render him immune from the dread scourge. Dr. Niblett gave thirty-five years' close study to epilepsy and fits—devoted a lifetime to the alleviation of these terrible complaints. His remedy—which he called "Vital Renewer"—has brought back during the last few years health and strength to thousands, and it is with the object of making it more widely known that we to-day make a remarkable offer of a free bottle to anyone who is afflicted with this dread disease.

May we put it to you to take advantage of this offer now—to learn, once and for all, that there is a way by which you can be quickly and permanently cured—a treatment medically endorsed and vouched for by thousands of patients thoroughly cured?

Nor is Dr. Niblett's treatment other than pleasant, its simplicity and the ease with which it may be carried out being marked features.

WRITE NOW FOR FREE BOTTLE AND TREATMENT BOOKS, ALL SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION (FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY) TO ANYONE WHO HAS NOT PREVIOUSLY HAD THIS REMEDY. WRITE TO-DAY TO—

B. W. NIBLETT,

38. Basinghall Street, London, E.C.2.

GRAVES

WORLD'S BEST CYCLE.

The highest point of All British engineering excellence. Warranted 10 yrs.

HANS RENOLD CHAIN; CLINCHER A-ONE TYRES; DUNLOP WESTWOOD RIMS; BOWDEN BRAKES; B.S.A. FREE WHEEL; BRAMPTON'S HUBS; REYNOLD'S STEEL TUBES; WILLIAMS' CHAIN WHEEL; SPIRAL SPRING SADDLE. PRICE £7 : 10 : 0 (Ladies' Model same price)

Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 10/- with order. Balance 10/- monthly if satisfied. Money back in full if disappointed.

GAYALGRAVE Post Free

Complete range of Models

J. G. Graves Ltd., Sheffield.

10/- NOW

Hair-Growing Discovery

Many who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This contains real bear fat, juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the Three Kingdoms of Nature.

A trial size box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53B.T.), London, W.1. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when baldness has existed for years.

KOTALKO

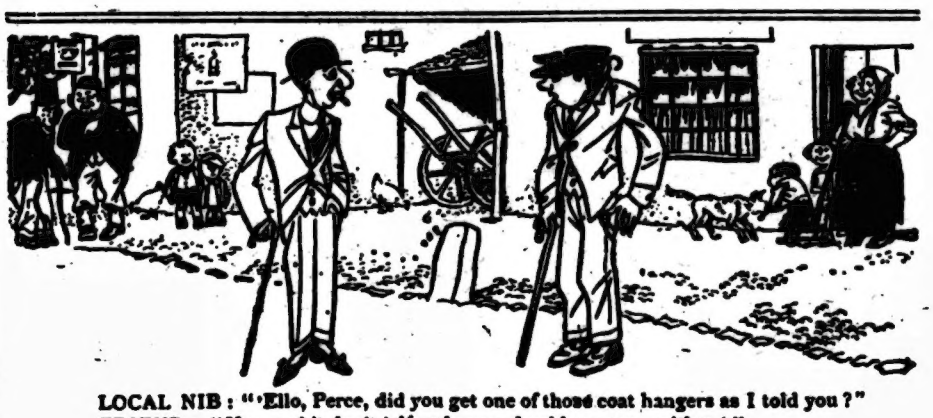
TRUE HAIR GROWER

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

F. M. (Fallowfield), 1s.; "Westmead," 6d.; "Ucalite," 1s.; Geo, 1s.; E. A. L., 2s.; Mrs. J. Mallett, 6d.; Mary Smart, 2s. 6d.; W. Bowyer, 6d.; "E. A. L.," 1s. 6d.; A. A. J., 6d.; M. S., 6d.; J. Banks, 6d.; F. S. B., 1s.; "Bit of Luck," 2s. 6d.; Nallsea, parcel; Mrs. Yeo, parcel; E. R. N., 4½d.; "Stake Company," 1s.; "With Love," 6d.; M. F. B., 2s.; M. J. Brain, 3s.; Mrs. E. R. Payne, 5s.; W. Forsythe, 2s.; My 371st Coupon, 6d.; J. Ashton, 6d.; W. S. (Orkney, 1s. 6d.; A Miner, 1s.; F. Sutton, 1s. 6d.; "Cabbie," 6d.; Mrs. Bennie, 6d.; Lily Mcleod, 6d.; T. S. Watkins, 6d.; "W.," £1; "A Well-wisher," 2s. 6d.; H. Mason, 5s.; E. M. Cummings, 6d.; F. Thacker, 6d.; "Baron O.," 2s. 6d.; C. D., 1s. 6d.; T. E. D., 3rd, 2s. 6d.; F. Mallett, 2s. 6d.; J. H. S., 1s.; C. Perkins, 2s.; J. P. Wall, 4½d.; "Lessudden," parcel; A. P., 2s.; "Disillusioned," 7d.; Third Prize Winner, 10s.; W. H. M., Falcon, 1s.; H. E. May, 1s. 1d.; "Somo," 1s.; "Alice of Lee," 1½d.; T. L. Skinner, 2s.; W. C. H., 1½d.; "An Old Widow" (Channel's Head), 2s. 6d.; Black Hole, 2s.; "Black Cat," 1s.; Camilla (Highbury), 2s.; W. C. M., 2s. 6d.; E. Powers, 11s.; E. Purkiss, 6d.; G. Pressley, 5s.; "Sirrah," 2s. 6d.; "A Fool and——" 2s. 3d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; A. C., 5d.; Hopeful, 2s.; G. Collis, 6d.; Mary E. Thompson, 2s. 6d.; "Bushel," 1s.; "Alleviate Distress," 2s.; Nancy C., 1s.; S. P. H., 1s.; "Hereford Reader," 2s.; A. E. Castle, 6d.; "Bushel," 1s.; D. Wyams, 5s.; F. James, 2s. 6d.; Victory H. B., 2s. 6d.; I. Towler, 2s. 6d.; H. B., 6d.; "Islington," £1; M. Fairhurst, 2s.; Oxford, 2s.; "A Trifle free Jock," 2s.; "Old Maid's Mite," 1s.; "Rastus," 6d.; "Alleviate Distress," 2s.; "Amor," 10s.; E. M., 2s.; E. Purkiss, 2s.; "The Ninth," 6d.; Kia Ora, 4d.; Bernard, 6d.; Jumping Joshua, 2s.; Ely, 2s.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Sumner, 6d.; J. A. (Ryker), 1s.; Mrs. Saunders, 4s.; A. F. Winter, 1s.; Mrs. A. E. Stallard, 2s.; M. R. Low, 2s. 6d.; W. Hellot, 2s.; M. E. Tarupp, 1s. 6d.; E. M. Beckett, 1s.; H. E. May, 1s. 1d.; Ju-Ju's Ninth, 10d.; T. N., 1s.; On the Ninth, 2d.; L. Webster, 5s.; Ida Fisher, 6d.; A Bulleteer (Coventry), 1s.; "W." £1; Mrs M.Alsop, parcel; Manchester, 2½d.; G. W., 6d.; Tonyrefail, 2s.; "Three H's," 5s.; An Ex-soldier's Family, 2s. 6d.; 2/8th, E. M. C., 4s.; "Baron O.," 2s. 6d.; Another Ninth, A. K., 10s.; Peckham, 5s.; "In Memory of Geoff," 10s.; "Chad," 2s. 6d.; Uncle Tom, 2s.; N. A., 1s.; Ucalite, 1s.; "Struggler," 6d. Anon, 6d.; E. A. L., 1s. 6d.; Dundee, 6d.; "For the Least of These, E. B.," 6d.; J. Y. (Edin.), 1s. 6d.; H. P. Bodwell, 10s.; "Cast Thy Bread upon the Waters," 6d.; New Reader, 2s. 6d.; From a Nurse, 1s.; J. M. Hampton, 1s. 6d.; Blacksmith, 2s.; Miss J. Hall, 6d.; Mrs. B. (Morley), parcel and 1s.; From a Friend to Some Friend, 10s.; Melton Mowbray, 2s.; E. C. B. (Grimsby), 1s. 1½d.; "Ju-Ju" (Colwyn Bay), 2s.; F. Came, 6d.; Hopeful's Ninth (H.), 1s. 7d.; R. L. R., 2s.; E. Pavender, parcel and 1s.; That Brought Luck, 6d.; Hoping for the Best, C. S., 4½d.; A 6th and a Bit (Eiland), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. W. Belcher, 2d.; "Pat," 2s.; Mrs. Springthorpe, 1s.; Phil and Tony 2s.; Mrs. Moore, 2s. 3d. George Summers, 2s. 6d.; H. A., 2s.; E. Kerr, 2s. 6d.; Gargenden Rd., 1s. "Optimist's First Ninth," 1s. 6d.



LOCAL NIB: "'Ello, Perce, did you get one of those coat hangers as I told you?"
FRIEND: "Yus, an' it don't 'alf make me shoulders sore neither!"

A FIVER for a POSTCARD.

Here's a splendid new competition on which 'Ballets' Competitors can try their skill—

"PASSING SHOTS" FREE Competition.

No entrance fee. Your "Shot" on a postcard is all that's required. Over a hundred prizes. See this week's "PASSING SHOW."

HOW does *that* joke strike you? But just wait until you see some of the others in the current number! And what an array of talent headed by G. K. Chesterton! The "PASSING SHOW" in its brilliant 2-colour cover is the pick of the bunch

The new

PASSING SHOW

Every Saturday.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 512.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
Mr. W. G. BROOKS, The "Waggon & Horses" Inn, Stone, nr. Aylesbury.
Example:—The Sequel
Bullet:—Successful Strike—Successive Strikes.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
Mr. A. LEIGH, 3, East Moorfield Street, Briercliffe Road, Burnley.
Example:—Facing The Future
Bullet:—Save Enough—Safe Enough.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
Miss E. P. GOUGH, London Street, Godmanchester.
Example:—Only A Girl
Bullet:—Remembered—Or Two Sinners.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:
Mr. J. G. THOMS, c/o., 20, Corporation Street, Manchester.
Example:—Won't Answer
Bullet:—Spanking Followed By Toffee.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:
Mr. P. R. EVANS, 167, High Street, Godalming.
Example:—Fair Pay
Bullet:—For Many Sermons—Button.

10 Prizes of £3 each:

D. G. Bradley, 20, High Street, Cotham, Redcar: Old Dodge—Winter—If They've Money.

A. Davies, 9, Victoria Place, Bethesda, N. Wales: A Fact—Often Invented For Argument.

F. J. W. Smith, 23, Searles Road, New Kent Road, S.E.: In The Workshop—Control Temper—Temper Control.

T. R. Woodbine, Birch Dene, Middlewich: Only A Girl—But Her Brother Wash't.

R. Hassell, 79, Colomberie, St. Heliers, Jersey: Rocks Ahead—Countless Fear—Fearless Count

Mrs. A. Fry, 4, Gensling Road, Eastbourne: Ramsay's Horse—Combining Dignity With Labour.

J. W. Fragnell, 3, Ashby Place, Southsea: Mismanaged—Air Service—Not Aeroplanes.

E. Cole, Senr., 38, Heidelberg Road, Southsea: In Power—Neither, Is Ideally Married.

Mrs. A. Rudge, 42, Woden Road, Wolverhampton: What Country Needs—"Toil For The Brave."

A. H. Lord, 58, Woolwich Road, London, S.E.; Worth Printing—Inman's Report On Borstal.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mrs. E. Puxley, Headley, Newbury: Facing The Future—Without Dread, Labour's Right.

R. J. Allwork, Military Hospital, Horfield, Bristol: Knowing Smile—Means Danger—Bachelor Retreats.

Mrs. A. Horrocks, 11, Range Street, Bolton: Worth Printing—Photograph, Next Premier's Husband.

J. S. Wilson, 18, Prince's Avenue, Watson's Lane, Blackpool. In Prison—"So Long" to Liberty.

Mrs. J. Swainson, Mount View, Windermere: Wife's Opinion—Gold Shouldn't Become Gulp.

C. R. Jones, 21, Clifton Road, Clifton, Bristol: The Sequel—Illegal Weights—Legal Measures.

J. Meyler, St. Columba's Terrace, Omagh, Ireland: Empty—Revolver Were. Chachesian Carries.

J. H. Clucas, 236, Albert Road, Langside, Glasgow: Off The Track—Before Railway Passengers Talkative.

H. J. Bowker, 51, C. Block, Iveagh Buildings, New Bride St., Dublin: A Fact—Emphasised, Counsel Dislocated Wrist.

Mrs. S. A. Walton, Penthyddyn, Mold, N. Wales: What Country Needs—Guiding Star—Not Meteor.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

Mrs. E. M. Abbott, 21, Priory Rd., St. Denys, Southampton; E. W. Adams, 44, Willow Rd., Hampstead, N.W.; G. Adamson, 61, Peddie St., Dundee; H. V. Aldermen, Overland Trading Co., Trading Estate, Slough; C. T. Alsop, 110, Exeter St., Plymouth; F. Bellamy, 5-7, Dorking St., Stockfield; R. Bobbam, 64, South St., Chichester; C. Bird, 72, Hayter Rd., Brixton Hill, S.W.; J. Bishop, 64, Swindon Rd., Eaglestone, Ewam; J. Blair, 33, Warrender Park Rd., Edinburgh; F. W. Booth, 18, Elwes St., Brigg, Lincs.; Mrs. Bromhead, 82, Grange Park, Ealing; Miss A. Burbery, 82, Norfolk Park Rd., Sheffield; J. T. Burden, 32, Montfort St., Sheffield; F. W. Carp, 28, Mandy Rd., Mandy, Glam.; V. G. Chapman, 31, Gasendon St., Leicester; T. W. Chell, 45, Wigs St., Lincoln; H. Cow, 2, Mossy View, New Ferry, Birkenhead; M. C. Cook, 20, Hambrook Rd., Southampton Estate, S.W.; B. Cotter, 34, Windham Rd., Bournemouth; Mrs. M. Daniel, Brodrick House, Alverstoke, Hants; H. W. Davies, 2, Penybryn, Wrexham; J. Davison, Senr., 74, Blythe St., Wombwell, Yorks; Mrs. Dewes, 31, Fobbland St., Birkenhead; Miss R. Dickie, 2, Rosewood Terr., West Park Rd., Dundee; J. E. Earley, "Redlands," Wynnson Rd., Chelmsford; A. G. Ellens, Surrey Rd., Newhaven, Me.; R. G. Evans, Heading Rd., Llanelly; J. Galley, Junr., Beagle Co. Antrim; A. F. Gobbin, 25, Rodsmount Rd., Clapham Park; Mrs. J. H. Gladdis, 10, London Av., North End, Portsmouth; F. Hampshire, 23, Grove Rd., Shortlift, Ewam; N. L. Harvey, 38, Holburn St., Aberdeen; E. Hassell, 79, Colomberie, St. Heliers, Jersey; J. H. Hatfield, 94, Grosmere Rd., Hatchworth, Ewam; M. B. Hogg, Exeley.

(Continued on page 4)

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 514.

RAMSAY'S JOB
FOR OUR GOOD
GOVERNMENT PROMISES
PLAIN SAILING
YOUTH
WHEN BILL ARRIVES
DROP IN THE OCEAN
NOT SATISFYING
AT ANY PRICE
EXTRAVAGANT
A ROUGH DIAMOND
MODERN NEWSPAPER
CLEARING THE AIR
POWERFUL WEAPON
ABSURD
MY LANDLORD
MAKING A NOISE
GOING OUT
LOVE IN A COTTAGE
A WISE WOMAN
OUT IN THE COLD
JACK JONES
ONE TOO MANY
IN POPLAR
A GOOD HOUSE
WHEN WORKING
POWER OF THE PRESS
SHORT AND SWEET
LAST HOPE
CATCHING HIS EYE
SPRING FASHIONS
IN FRONT RANK
OUR GROCER
FULL DRESS
LEAP YEAR
FURNISHING
FIRST WHISPER
IN THE MOONLIGHT
WHEN STRIKE STARTS
AT THE CLUB

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to John Bull, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed: then give any **Two, Three or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—What Labour Will Do *Bullet*:—Lead On—On Lead. *Example*:—My Ambition *Bullet*:—Once Holiday—Now Work. *Example*:—Makes Us Think *Bullet*:—"Scales" Removed From Sight. With one coupon send postal order for 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 514, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 6.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(514) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 6.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(514) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 6.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(514) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 6.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(514) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 514 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

List of Five-Shilling Prize-Winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 512 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Sentinel." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded in the first prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 511 can now be seen in the window of Mr. JAMES KENNEDY, 240, Glasgow Road, Clydebank.

Protect Baby's Skin

from rashes, ringworm eczema, impetico, and all tenderness and chafing.

Mr. Harold Smith's Testimony.

Mr. Harold Smith, of 203, Gloucester Road, Croydon, writes: "My son, aged two, who was born in Cologne, where I was serving in the Royal Corps of Signals, suffered from a rash from the time of his landing in England until two months ago. I tried all sorts of medicines and took advice and treatment, but without success. Then I tried Germolene, and also gave the baby Germolets, and used Germolene Aseptic Soap. Very quickly he ceased to fret, the irritation stopped, and now his skin is free from any sign of rash. Germolene has saved myself and my wife a lot of worry and expense. I used only two small boxes of ointment and two cartons of the tablets to effect a cure."

Use Germolene for

Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.

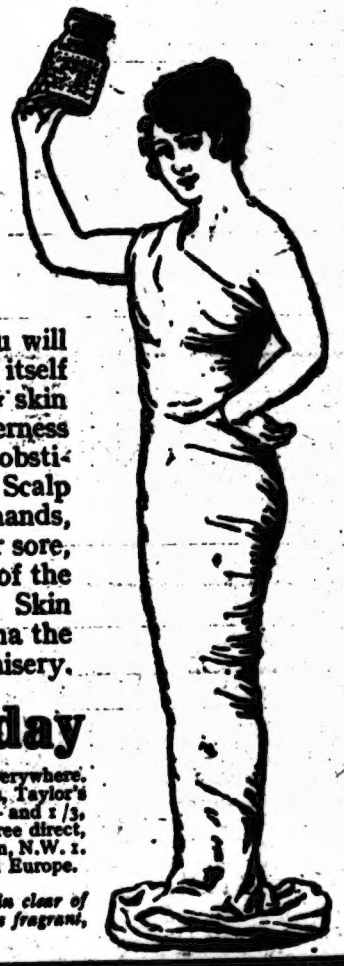
AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

HOME PRICES: **1/3** *and* **3/-.**
Of all Chemists throughout the Empire

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Start To-day and get rid of Your Skin Trouble



The only reason people suffer from skin complaints is because they have not used Antexema, for it succeeds when doctors, hospitals and every other treatment has failed. You haven't to wait months before you gain any benefit from Antexema. The first application stops all irritation and arrests the further progress of your skin complaint. Persevere with its use and you will be thoroughly cured. It recommends itself very powerfully because it cures every skin illness from rashes, chafing, and tenderness of young children to the worst cases of obstinate eczema of men and women. Scalp troubles, barber's rash, bad legs, rough hands, face spots, blackheads, and every other sore, irritated, pimply or blotchy condition of the skin quickly yields to Antexema. Skin sufferers! The sooner you use Antexema the sooner will you be released from your misery.

Get Antexema To-day

Antexema is supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's and Lewis & Burrows' at 3/- and 1/3, the larger size being the more economical; or post free direct, 3/- and 1/6, from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. 1. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.

☞ *Use Antexema Soap (pine tar) and keep your skin clear of all blemishes, and protect yourself against infection. It is fragrant, refreshing and healthful. 8d. Tablets.*

For INDIGESTION I took CICFA

(which supplies Stomach and Bowel DIGESTIVE FERMENTS)

"Now I eat whatever I desire."

"I wish all Indigestion Sufferers to know that every word I say is true."

READ THE EXPLANATION

If you are suffering from Indigestion, whatever the cause may be, you are likely to think that a remedy which cures others may not suit your case, because you think yours is different—and your symptoms may be different—but the root causes of all cases of uncomplicated Indigestion are always the same—that is, there is a shortage of the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach, and also to digest the Starchy food in the Bowel.

Without these Digestive Ferments one person suffers with Acidity, Heartburn, Wind-rising; that Feeling of Fullness, White-Coated tongue, Headache, Bad Complexion, Flushed Face, etc.; while another suffers from Flatulence, Bilious Symptoms caused by obstructed Bile Circulation, and Constipation, with all the misery which it causes; but whether you have some or all of these symptoms, they can be removed ONLY by a remedy which supplies NATURE'S DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.

In CICFA you have such a remedy; one in which those Ferments are active, so that digestion is restored in both Stomach and Bowel.

Mr. David realises these facts, and having known the sufferings from Indigestion, and the joy of health, with the pleasure of eating what he pleases, he wishes all sufferers to know that Cicfa cured him, and that his words are true.

NOW READ Mr. DAVID'S WORDS.

3, Foxham-road,
Tufnell Park, N.

"Dear Sirs,—Some time ago I wrote to you for a sample of your Indigestion remedy, Cicfa. The sample gave me such instant relief that I continued by purchasing the 1s. 3d. tubes. I had been suffering with Indigestion for about 21 years, and had tried several other remedies, but I found them all failures. Then I took Cicfa, and found it necessary to take only three or four tubes, and I was and am now able to eat whatever I desire. I think honestly that Cicfa is most wonderful, and deserves the highest praise. I always strongly recommend it to any of my friends that I find are afflicted with Indigestion. I really cannot find words to express my gratitude nor my pleasure at having found a remedy which really removes Indigestion as Cicfa has removed mine. I only hope that if you publish this letter, those sufferers from Indigestion who read it will believe that every word I say is true, and will immediately take Cicfa, the only certain remedy. Thanking you for my present health and for being able to enjoy life again,

Yours truly,
F. L. DAVID."

18,702 BRITISH DOCTORS

have already taken up CICFA, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families, and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa you can purchase it and begin using it at once.

Sold Everywhere.
Prices 1/3 and 3/-.

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8, Duke St., Manchester Square, LONDON, W.1.

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